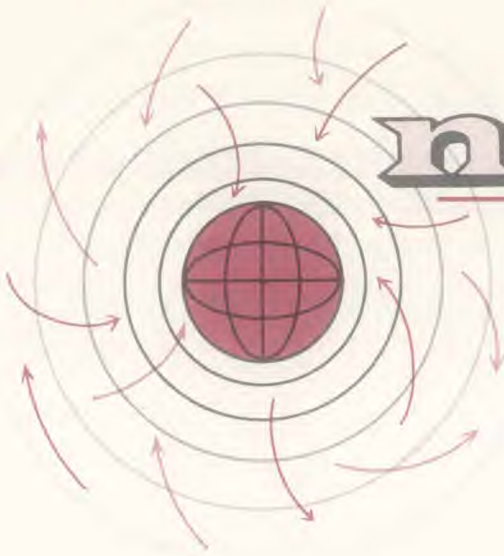


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Olympic Torch



news

- ❖ **ECUMENICAL BARS?** Three bars attached to St. Peter's Basilica—two snack bars nicknamed Jonah and Abbas and a third serving coffee and liquor—operated smoothly during the third session of the Ecumenical Council in Rome. The third bar, which is permanent, is Italian style. It has an espresso-coffee machine and serves beer, cognac, rum, whiskey, and gin.
- ❖ **NEW JERSEY POLICE SEEK HELP FOR ALCOHOLICS.** New Jersey's policemen approved a resolution last fall calling for a Federally financed program to rehabilitate alcoholics. The resolution adopted unanimously by the State Patrolmen's Benevolent Association at its sixty-eighth annual convention said rehabilitation of alcoholics would reduce law-enforcement problems throughout the state.
- ❖ **SECRET SERVICE DRINKING.** Four secret-service men riding behind President Kennedy's car when he was assassinated had taken a few drinks earlier in the day in violation of rules, the Warren Commission reported.
- ❖ **RECIPE FOR A CORONARY.** "Your chances of heart attack are just as good in bed as out mowing the lawn. It takes forty-five years to develop this disease and what you've done in the past fifteen minutes doesn't matter," says Richard O. Bates, M.D. His own recipe for a coronary: "Get a good job and make a lot of money behind a desk. Eat plenty of meat and dairy products. Smoke two packs of cigarettes a day and never exercise."
- ❖ **"GAMMA ALCOHOLISM."** The most prevalent type of alcoholism in the United States is "gamma alcoholism"—compulsive drinking with actual physical dependence on alcohol—says Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman, A.M.A. Committee on Alcoholism. Other types of alcoholism, he said, are alpha—drinking to bolster one's courage; beta—he-man type drinking; and epsilon—"binge drinking."
- ❖ **CIGARETTE SALES STILL UP.** Cigarette makers sold 507.1 billion cigarettes and spent \$186,182,105 for advertising in 1963, compared with 489.5 billion cigarettes and \$146,592,464 the previous year.
- ❖ **DRUG SPENDING.** A study by "Drug Topics" has shown that Americans spent a record \$413,000,000 for nonprescription drugs in 1963, including \$350,000,000 for sixteen billion aspirin pills. Another \$33,000,000 was spent on arthritic and rheumatic pain relievers, while the remaining \$30,000,000 was spent on other analgesics.
- ❖ **THIRSTY?** In 1962 Americans drank some 20,366,103 gallons of Scotch whiskey, or more than two and a half billion drinks.
- ❖ **LIQUOR CONSUMPTION.** Consumption of alcoholic beverages by United States citizens in the first six months of 1963 rose 2.9 percent above the 1962 level. The gain for the twelve months ending June 30 was 4.5 percent, says the Distilled Spirits Institute, Washington, D.C.

Drinker Convicted by JURY of BEER

A thirty-eight-year-old truck driver from Lexington, Kentucky, recently was tried for drunken driving. Twelve bottles of beer served as his jurors—and they convicted him. Arrested for driving under the influence of alcohol, the driver insisted at his trial that he had drunk only four beers. However, an alcohol blood test to which he had submitted voluntarily when arrested refuted his testimony.

Nonetheless, Judge R. P. Moloney decided to give the man a chance to prove his innocence. He suggested that he drink twelve beers under supervision and told him blood samples would be taken at four-beer intervals. Delighted at a second chance to save his license, the driver agreed to the test. His trial by beer ended after nine and one-half bottles.

"You know, I don't believe I want this one," he said with a weak grin, handing the tenth bottle back to Moloney. He then became ill. A blood test showed he was less intoxicated than at the time of his arrest.

OUR COVER Few symbols in the world evoke more emotional response than the Olympic Torch as it arrives at the opening moment of each Olympiad to light the flame which will burn during the entire duration of the games. The torch is carried by runners from the airplane which brings it from Olympia in Greece, where in 776 B.C. the ancient Olympic Games were first held, consisting of one event, a footrace of two hundred and ten yards by the River Alpheus (now the Ruphia).

Listen's cover is by Takaku Ishimoto.



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BLOWING HOT & COLD

Almost 50 percent of criminal arrests in the cities of the United States are for public drunkenness. This means that about a million arrests are made annually to help keep drunks off the streets. Also more than half of all inmates of county jails are there because of being intoxicated in public.

San Francisco makes some 26,000 arrests a year for this charge; Washington, D.C., about 44,000; Chicago more than 66,000; and Los Angeles up to 80,000. These totals skyrocket not only because there is very permissive and prevalent drinking in these cities, but also because repeaters are arrested frequently, some running up a hundred or more arrests in an endless circle, as one writer has described it, "from gutter to cell to gutter before their final trip to the morgue."

Furthermore, these figures do not include arrests for drunken driving or assaults caused by drinking. Both of these categories constitute major problems in law enforcement.

These startling facts—and many more—are noted in one of the fall issues of *Time* magazine—but for one purpose: To point out that "the glaring lack in nearly every United States city is effective medical treatment" for alcoholics. It picks out Washington, D.C., as a notable example, decrying that Congress has not provided "adequate treatment facilities" and that the city's general hospital has only thirty beds for alcoholics. What "adequate" facilities for the District's 60,000 alcoholics would be and how much they would cost the public treasury are not specified.

Time, in reporting the unsavory situation, tells the story of De Witt Easter, a skilled plasterer who spends most of his time in jail as a drunk, having been arrested

seventy times, and whose case is being used to test in the courts the present practice of arresting drunks and putting them in prison till they sober up.

"Now the appeal is well under way," says *Time*. "Defendant Easter, who has 'craved liquor like a man craving water,' may not live to see Congress provide the care that would make him Patient Easter. But his name may go down in law books as that of a desperate man who left hope for others."

Quite at length this nationally known magazine sheds tears, as it were, over the pitiful plight of alcoholics. And it is to be commended for expressing sympathy and concern for these tragic victims of drink. True it is that such victims are to be pitied, even though their "disease" is self-inflicted. However, *Time* finds itself in a peculiar position in this respect. It seems to be blowing both hot and cold at the same time.

In the very issue of the magazine carrying this story there appeared *ten* pages of the most colorful and appealing advertising imaginable—plus at least four pages of black-and-white ads—extolling the virtues of whiskey, vermouth, and cordials—all intended to attract more customers to some of the very products which caused the problem so vigorously and graphically described in the news columns.

If only a fraction of the millions received by *Time*—and its sister publications—for liquor advertising in the course of a year were spent in caring for the present victims of alcoholism and contributing toward the "adequate" treatment facilities it requests, instead of luring more drinkers along the slippery road, a giant stride already would be taken toward remedying the national scandal of alcoholism.

Francis A. Soper

IN MY EFFORT TO RELAX I TRIED TWO THINGS - ONLY ONE WORKED

John Bartlett ; As told to Allan Clark

ON JANUARY 13, 1963, I celebrated my forty-first birthday by walking to the end of a pier and throwing five bottles of pills into the ocean. On a chaotic day eight months prior to that occasion, I experienced a compulsion to take a much different kind of walk on the same pier. My intended mission then was self-destruction.

This frantic decision wasn't brought about in a day, a week, a month, or even a year. It started some three years before when the officers of my company gave me a promotion along with the announcement that they were preparing me for an executive position.

The inducement of improved status, prestige, and material gains generated a drive within me that I was unaware of. Earnest devotion to regular hours was not enough. Nights and weekends were occupied with company paper work in the privacy of my home. My family, of course, was neglected.

All went well, I thought, until a continued shortage of sleep rendered me sluggish during working hours. Worried, I consulted my doctor, who prescribed some pills containing a mild stimulant that would counteract drowsiness. For six months they worked well. But there came a time when my system had apparently reached a saturation point, and unless I doubled the dosage, my daily "lift" let me down.

I tried to compensate for this by getting more sleep. However, there were times when the pressures of my self-propelled ascension left me so emotionally revved up that sleep became elusive.

Another trip to my doctor produced a different prescription—this one for sleeping pills. The doctor ad-

monished me to slow down and start taking better care of myself. But the ever-present knowledge that I had a pill to fall back on steered good intentions astray.

Several more months elapsed, and I was awaiting another promotion. It didn't come. Feeling that I had not lived up to expectations, I foolishly augmented my work load. Shortly thereafter a disturbing pattern took place as I discovered that a combination of stimulation and sedation was wreaking havoc with my nervous system.

Once more the inevitable return to my doctor. Being quite concerned about my condition, which he diagnosed as extreme nervous tension, he again cautioned me to slow down. This time tranquilizers were added to my pillbox collection.

Then one morning I overheard my secretary jokingly tell a co-worker, "My boss is taking pills so fast that he reminds me of a juggler." Obviously my "diet" was showing. And why not? I was using five different kinds of pills which were designed either to put me to sleep, keep me awake, quiet my nerves, relieve my indigestion, or lower my blood pressure. Without a continual twenty-four-hour reserve on hand I was as insecure as a deep-sea diver with a fouled air line.

Something had to give and finally did. The president of the company called me into his office and without any preliminaries got right to the point.

"Bartlett," he began, "something grave has been troubling you for months. You are not the same man we started training for an executive capacity. I have seen you so jumpy that you should have been sent home.

"Furthermore, you often appear to be in a trance. Perhaps you have been pushing

(Turn to page 34)

CONQUERING

TENSION-

WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION



Michael A. Jones

"Recent studies both in England and in this country show that when women continue to smoke cigarettes during the last three months of pregnancy, the average weight of the baby at birth is reduced as much as a whole pound.

"This means for the typical seven-pound baby that he was deprived of one seventh of the nourishment he should have received from his mother.

"Do we have to use our unborn babies as guinea pigs to demonstrate physiological effects that are less obvious in other situations?

"How loud does the warning bell have to ring to get past the emotional earplugs of smokers?"—Dr. Samuel Wishik, professor of maternal and child health, University of Pittsburgh.

SHE was twenty-two and expecting her first child when the twinge struck. Midnight had just passed. Jane had dropped into bed half an hour earlier. She had been through a tough day at the office where she worked as an editorial secretary. But the editorial deadline was met.

As the strange sensation left, beads of perspiration dotted her forehead. Jane stared at the black ceiling in bewilderment. "But I've got two more months to go yet," she thought.

Then she felt it sweeping over her again like a warm ocean wave that was almost too warm. Then again a few minutes later. She moaned softly.

"Ralph!" Her husband's sleeping form stirred and he sat up.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I hurt all over. Please light me a cigarette."

"But you've got two months before the baby is due."

"I know—" She bent double with cramps.

Following the phone call to the doctor, the trip to the hospital was nightmarish. They seemed to hit every bump in the road. The hurt was worse. Then there was the prep room, the nurses, the doctor, and finally the needle and the blissful blackness of unconsciousness.

About three hours later, Jane and Ralph were the parents of a baby boy. But the infant was classified a "premie" in hospital jargon. He weighed only four pounds, one ounce. The hospital would be his home for several weeks after Jane had gone home.

Why?

There are many logical reasons why over 332,000 ba-

SMOKING

"The highest prematurity rates are for heavy smokers..."

abies were born prematurely in the United States in 1962 and why the number continues to rise. The reasons run the gamut from emotional to physical. In Jane's case a physical problem is responsible, for she smokes cigarettes.

Jane is a one-pack-a-day smoker. She intended to start cutting down, but she had not succeeded by her seventh month of pregnancy. Her baby paid the price with a premature entry into life. Now he must also face with less ability more of the precarious odds that every newborn infant must meet. Indeed, his survival may even be at stake.

In Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, a significant study has shown that a mother's heart usually speeds up when she smokes one or two cigarettes, but the speedup of the baby's heart is "quite pronounced." On occasion the infant's heart may start to race even before the mother starts to light her cigarette, an obvious demonstration of the "impact of emotional responses" on an unborn baby's heart.

Sad but true is the fact that premature births occur much more frequently among women who smoke than among those who do not. A study conducted on nearly 3,000 women in the Baltimore City Health Department's prenatal clinic showed that the prematurity rate for non-smokers was 11.2 percent as opposed to 22.9 percent among heavy-smoking women.

Fetal death rates were more than twice as high among infants of cigarette smokers as among those of nonsmokers—15.5 as against 6.4 per 1,000 births.

Dr. Winea J. Simpson of the School of Medicine, Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California, cites data indicating that the incidence of premature births "increases with the number of cigarettes smoked per day. The highest prematurity rates are for heavy smokers, and the lowest rates are for nonsmokers."

She states that both human and animal research supports the idea that when a mother smokes cigarettes during pregnancy, the nicotine passes through the placenta to the developing fetus. Other researchers report that nicotine "destroys the tissue of the fetus."

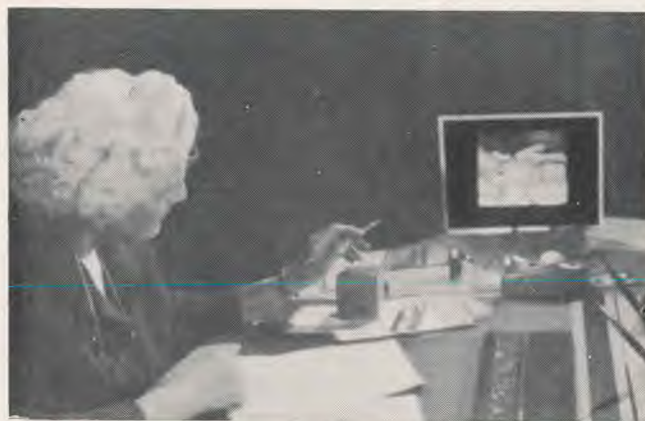
According to the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee report on *Smoking and Health*, "Women smoking during pregnancy have babies of lower birth weight than nonsmokers of the same social class. They also have a significantly greater number of premature deliveries."

When Dr. William Thompson, Hollywood obstetrician, tested the milk of cigarette-smoking mothers some years ago and injected it into the lymph sac of the small grass frog, the frog's breathing became very rapid within thirty seconds. His muscles twitched, his rear feet drew up over his body, his pupils contracted, his legs became

paralyzed, and he died. This indicates that an appreciable amount of nicotine was present in the mother's milk, stated the doctor.

Dr. Harris Perlman and Dr. Arthur Dannenberg of the Philadelphia Jewish Hospital found in testing milk samples from fifty-five smoking mothers in the hospital's obstetrics department that the milk of all the mothers contained nicotine, no matter how little or how much they smoked. And when the doctors allowed the smoking mothers to nurse their babies, all of the infants began throwing up their milk. Some of them failed to put on weight, and others actually lost weight.

The dangers of smoking while pregnant are all too obvious. Quitting, however, also has its problems. To help you quit promptly and permanently, a nine-point



Dr. Winea Simpson projects on a screen the picture of the undersized infant born to a smoking mother.

program which lasts five days has been prepared for you to follow. Thousands who have used this program have been successful in giving up smoking. However, before attempting it, advise your doctor of your intent and follow his advice.

The rules listed here have been compiled by Dr. J. Wayne McFarland, one of the cocreators of the famed Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking. His first suggestion is that you repeat constantly to yourself the statement, "I choose not to smoke." If you can hold out for one day at a time, he says, five days will not be too long. So why not start now!

1. Take a warm bath two or three times a day for fifteen to twenty minutes. Just relax. If you feel you cannot stand the strain of not smoking any longer, hop right back into the tub or the shower. It's pretty hard to smoke in a shower.

(Turn to page 30)

MOTHERS & UNDERSIZED INFANTS

The potential disaster that exists for the smoking mother-to-be is horrifying. In this article you can learn about this growing problem and how to deal with it.



Society With a Problem

ALMOST unknown a few years ago except in the most crime- and poverty-ridden slums, narcotics addiction among teen-agers today is on the rise in homes throughout America that might otherwise be termed above average or typical, as far as income, education, and family interests are concerned.

Why this is so and how the problem can be combated concerns increasingly the church, government agencies, and social-welfare groups.

1. Mark, the eldest son and fifteen, is in rueful mood. He is in deep trouble, but a tranquil moment in the home is rare.
2. Once always so neat, Mark is now slovenly. Tired of cleaning his room, his father assumes wearily—but wrongly—that it's just a bad teen-age habit that will pass.
3. Mark had once considered a music career, but now he never practices. He throws tantrums when his mother prods him. It's because his friends make fun of him, his mother supposes sadly.
4. Mark seems to have no appetite and refuses peevishly even a favorite sandwich.
5. Too tired in the morning to be ready for school when his father and mother rush off to town, Mark is left to get himself off to school.
6. Thus in an overly permissive environment, Mark is in more trouble than he knows. He starts with glue-sniffing in an "empty" house among "friends."
7. Soon bored with glue fumes, Mark feels the need for stronger stuff. All

Well monied and equipped with powerful automobiles, many teens of today are secretly slipping into narcotics addiction, a new aspect of our society.





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But to many horrified parents, the really heartbreaking question is, "Why didn't we find it out in time?"

They might have known had they paid closer attention to their children's behavior. Permissive parents often forgive bad behavior as merely the outward sign of psychologically unavoidable growing pains, for this aspect of the teen years seems to be getting more difficult all the time. Case histories of teen-agers known to be on narcotics reveal a behavior pattern of chronic laziness and secretiveness, irrational rages, and hate-ridden disrespect of authority.

A chain of worsening habits, then, is an important clue that narcotics addiction may be suspected. And there is a further significant link: money or the lack of it. In a home afflicted with a secret "junkie," petty thefts occur continually, though the mother whose purse has been rifled may think she has lost the money or has been shortchanged while marketing. Valuables will also vanish, and the unsuspecting parent may suppose the objects are only mislaid. But they are probably at the pawnshop. Narcotics are expensive, even for the freer and more affluent teen-agers of our modern society with a problem.



7

Mark needs is money—and when his mother misses it, she merely thinks she has lost it and stops carrying much with her.

8. So Mark begins to steal hubcaps to get money for his fix—but hubcaps soon run out.
9. One rainy day Mark sneaks out with a bag of odds and ends, jewelry, some clothing, items his parents do not often use.
10. Mark hocks the items and has enough cash for another fix.
11. Mark waits for his connection in front of a cheap movie house. Unless his parents "wise up" to his condition quickly and get him to a physician, he will be in worse trouble soon.
12. It is after midnight, the family is asleep, and Mark shakily prepares a syringe of dope.
13. Just as Mark shoots the stuff into his veins, his mother discovers the horrible truth. Now it's up to the minister, the physician, or perhaps the analyst to root out the terrible habit. But only his parents' love can guide Mark through the tough, long road of withdrawal.



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THE ALCOHOLIC: WHO? WHY?

An alcoholic has become basically a self-hating person. Fully aware of his own self-dislike, he will tell others that he drinks to forget his problems or frustrations, to relax, to be more sociable.

Frequently he suffers from a terrible aloneness because he is unable to communicate effectively, feels unloved, and has deep anxieties. He uses alcohol in an attempt to communicate more competently or as an anesthetic for his fear that, being unloved, he must be unlovable. In the final analysis he drinks to suppress his self-hatred and to narcotize his tormented ego.

The alcoholic is also depressed because of his failure to achieve a degree of self-approval. The first few drinks he takes have the effect of inhibiting his anxieties and fears, his self-doubts. They lift his mood, giving him a feeling of exhilaration and well-being.

However, alcohol being a depressant rather than a stimulant, the lift is followed by a letdown. And with the cumulative depressive effect of the alcohol, the more he drinks the more depressed he becomes. As he returns ever more frequently to liquor for that initial lift, he tends progressively toward establishing a pattern of reliance upon alcohol as a crutch, an excuse for failure, a means of self-punishment, a weapon to use on his "enemies"—wife, family, friends, society.

Lacking in self-love and therefore unable to love others, he has a need to humiliate, to injure, to punish, to destroy both society and himself. He has a deep desire to communicate, but he is so lacking in self-esteem that he is inarticulate unless under the influence of alcohol.

The alcoholic is often highly intelligent, sensitive, and gifted. His sensitivity makes him more susceptible to the anxieties which render him ineffective creatively and communicatively. It makes him prone to deep guilt feelings regarding his shortcomings, his failures to realize his potential, and he is therefore eager to be punished by the society in which he feels almost a pariah.

Alcohol for him seems the answer. It releases his inhibitions so that he can express his hostilities in a way in which he dare not when sober. Furthermore, it affords

him an alibi when he is upbraided for his offensive or hostile behavior.

The man who is sure of himself stands on his own convictions. The fearful alcoholic, having rejected love, cannot stand alone, for he is never sure of himself or others. He wishes to be punished, wants to be loved. He is not unlike the naughty child who literally asks for a spanking so that his guilt feelings may be removed. However, for the alcoholic the "spanking" by society never atones for his guilt. His humiliation, hangovers, nights in jail, do not suffice to remove his guilt, for these are negative and punitive, not corrective measures.

Often these people are the sensitive, frustrated idealists with much to contribute toward the enrichment of society. Of this they are well aware, and so they hate themselves. Anxious, confused, they cling to the childish hope that somehow the punishment they bring upon themselves will atone for their torment or at least stifle it.

A Brendan Behan may hate himself because he is not a George Bernard Shaw. He is aware that he is a man of genius but somewhere he has failed to develop the self-discipline, the ability to overcome frustrations, adversity, and defeats, and to grow. What better answer, then, than the bottle?

The alcoholic can never be permanently cured of his addiction until he can face up to himself and admit that the basis of his problem lies in an ungratified, untamed ego.

A cure requires positive thought and behavior, resulting in accomplishment, physical, mental, spiritual. Unless the alcoholic strives diligently to develop his potential in nondestructive ways, maintaining always his personal integrity even though he may fail at times, he will be prone to return to his old habits and his need for punishment.

With each increased victory in self-realization, he will be less and less inclined to dwell on old failures and the desire to punish himself for them. He will relegate them to the past where they belong. (Turn to page 32)



Nadina Grove

Attempts to portray the alcoholic are always many-pictured efforts. This is because, although alcohol causes alcoholism, no two persons are alike. In this article the author paints a portrait of an alcoholic as she knew that individual.



"Joe's here!" The good news spread rapidly across the island on which a missile-tracking station is situated.

The Rev. Joe Keiper has a unique parish that is 5,000 miles long and contains over 1,000 male parishioners. He is the chaplain for the Pan-American downrange missile-tracking stations, a string of about a dozen islands. The stations begin on Grand Bahama Island, less than 100 miles from Cape Kennedy, and extend to bleak and barren Ascension Island, a lava rock 700 miles from the nearest land and over 1,000 miles from the nearest continent.

"Joe," as Mr. Keiper is familiarly but respectfully known throughout his womanless parish, is admirably suited to the task of helping men marooned thousands of miles from home for months at a time. He was an Army chaplain stationed in the Aleutian Islands during World War II, one of the few areas in the world that are probably more undesirable than Ascension Island, which is referred to by its inhabitants as "this scabrous, dead cauldron."

Following several years as Army chaplain, Mr. Keiper became a prison chaplain. Then he moved to Florida to take over as pastor of the large, affluent First Methodist Church in De Land, but his heart remained with the lonely, unfortunate men with whom he had become so familiar. He wanted to help them solve their problems and heartaches. So when the post of chaplain for the Pan-American downrange islands was offered him, he felt that he had been called to his true vocation, and he took it without hesitation.

What sort of man takes on an isolated job such as these men hold? Just about every sort, according to Mr. Keiper. Some are fleeing from home or society, others are attracted by the premium of a 30 percent increase in wages that is paid everywhere but Ascension, where it goes up to 40 percent. On Ascension, particularly, there are many who take the job in order to relieve their burden of debt as quickly as possible, or who want money to pay for a new house or a new car badly enough to leave home for several months at a time.

There are also some who are attracted by the 25-cent shot of whiskey that is available. Joe encounters many problems, but alcoholism is the most difficult, and it is this problem that occupies much of his time.

He is peculiarly adapted to help men solve their problems because they know that he, too, has lived an uncomfortable, lonely life on

(Turn to page 34)

CHARLES LAYNG

HIS
PARISH
IS
THE
WIDE
ATLANTIC

EARLY risers in Torrance, California, fifteen miles south of downtown Los Angeles, were probably greatly surprised when a long line of youths clad in white duck pants and white jackets eagerly slipped into an equally long line of automobiles. At a signal from an official starter, the youths revved up the automobiles, listened for a few moments to the even, purring sound, and then with a wave of their arms moved toward Yosemite Park, some 500 miles away.

As this group of early risers sped through the streets, the large letters on the sides of their automobiles probably elicited many remarks such as "There go those silly hot rodders," or "Some crazy teen-agers, nuts about cars!" Offhand, they might have seemed appropriate with their quick analysis, for signs proclaimed such titles as "Hi-Winders," "Sierra Madre Wanderers," "Ho Toyes," "Timers," and other similar names.

A closer investigation would have revealed that these youths were not out on the town, endangering lives with

their automobiles. This was the 1963 Annual Youth Safety Run, a grueling package of automobile competition that has caught the imagination of almost every automobile-loving youth in Southern California.

Now in its tenth year, the Youth Safety Run is very similar to the Mobilgas Economy Run. However, it does not follow that Run's pattern, and it is not guided by its rules. Eligible are youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one.

Behind the Youth Safety Run is the Police Advisory Council for Car Clubs, Inc. (PACCC), composed of officers from various cities in Los Angeles County who advise the boys in the car clubs. These officers coordinate all car-club activities and upgrade their programs.

Officials of the PACCC estimate that there are over 4,000 car clubs located in Los Angeles County, with a membership of nearly 40,000. These youths take a keen interest in the better and safer performance of their automobiles and learn the fundamentals of safe driving, in-

Real Driving - Youth Style

Henry F. Unger

Youth drivers stop for a lunch break.



A police officer checks the entry form of a driver and his codriver.



Like welcome heroes, the drivers are greeted by the Burbank Police Band as they pull into the final impound.



Crossing the end of the Run, a car enters the impound area for a final inspection by the technical committee before being returned to the dealer who contributed it.

cluding the complete divorcement of drinking from driving. They share in the purpose of the clubs, which is to participate in community services such as charity drives and civic projects such as neighborhood beautification. They also have a recreational program.

Keen competition marks the annual Youth Safety Run. Only sixty car clubs are allowed to participate. Car clubs that have joined actively in community projects and that possess an unblemished record during the previous year are eligible to enter the Run.

Police officers in the PACCC who have been assigned certain youth car clubs with which they work during the year are given the responsibility of choosing the finest clubs from each area to participate. They check the safety record of the club and the club's community activities.

Purpose of the PACCC has been to effect a closer working relationship between police agencies and car clubs in the Southern California area. In addition, the Run has developed into a safety program.

"Winners are chosen not only for the gas mileage they are able to make on the Run, but for their driving, knowledge of traffic laws, and sportsmanship," says Ted M. Bradley, current PACCC president and a traffic officer for the California Highway Patrol.

Sixty car clubs from about thirty-two cities within Los Angeles County and the Las Vegas, Nevada, area participate in the Run. Officials limit the entries to thirty-six because of the limitations of space, accommodation, and supervision. The officers of the council coordinate the event, and no outside sponsor has any control over the activities.

Entry qualifications are strict. A car entered must be a current model two- or four-door sedan or hardtop. No car may have done more than 10,000 miles. An entry fee that helps pay expenses is determined about six months prior to the Run.

Car dealers who furnish vehicles are selected for their reliability. They have worked with the car clubs during the year and are well-known to the drivers. Car dealers must furnish proof of adequate liability insurance for the entries.

The event is no Indianapolis speed run. Drivers may not exceed the posted speed limit. A recent run covered a distance of about 1,000 miles. Half of this distance is covered each day, with a midday layover at a selected destination where the cars are impounded.

Once the car clubs have been chosen, the drivers are carefully selected.

A total of 108 youths were involved in the 1963 Run. A team consists of a driver and co-driver together with an observer from some other club to check that no rules are violated.

Drivers leave the starting line at one-minute intervals and in numerical sequence. The youths shut off their engines when they get the checkered flag at the end of the final leg of the Run. Vehicles must be kept in the impound area for two days after the completion of the Run for a thorough checking by the technical committee. Later, dealers send an authorized representative to the impound area to pick up the car.

Specially designed trophies, (Turn to page 28)



HAVE YOU SEEN THE CURB?

Interview with Mrs. Earl Fisher

by Inez Storie Carr

HAVE you ever heard a timid knocking on your door at midnight and opened it to find two small children with pleading eyes huddled there, the older one stammering, "Can we stay here tonight? Mommy and daddy are drunk and we are scared"?

I have.

And this was not in the slums of some large city but in a nice, quiet neighborhood of respectable people.

Have you ever had two little girls of four and eight stop you, the eight-year-old saying plaintively, "We are so hungry. Mommy has left nothing for us to eat tonight and our brothers have not come home. We were so frightened by the strange noises we kept hearing that we went downtown to look for mother. We went to every beerhouse in town but could not find her, so we have come back to your house"?

I have.

Nor was this in any slum area, either. These children lived next door to a parsonage.

Have you ever seen a young man in his twenties brought screaming into a hospital at night, and have you stood beside the sobbing girl-wife and mother-to-be while her husband's life slipped away in a spasm of delirium tremens?

I have.

Have you ever seen a father in your own town give away his little girl so that he might have more money for drink?

I have.

I worked in a city mission. We saw many children with baskets on their arms, (Turn to page 34)



The Olympic Creed

"The most important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win but to take part. The important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered, but to have fought well."—Baron Pierre de Coubertin, of France, originator of the modern Olympic Games.



E. H. J. STEED



E. R. CHINNOCK



The Tokyo Olympics broke more records than any previous sports event. In this

Listen exclusive the athletes themselves tell one reason why!

by E. H. J. Steed, Sydney, Australia, *Listen's* correspondent,

who was sent to Tokyo especially for this story.

Photos, unless otherwise credited, are by the author and E. R. Chinnoek, *Listen's* official Olympics photographer.

"HIGHER, FASTER, STRONGER."

No other words could better describe the Olympic Games held last October in Tokyo than this Olympic motto.

Never before in the history of the games were the world's athletes, more than 7,000 of them from ninety-four countries, better able to uphold this theme, as they broke some eighty world and Olympic records. The old record book was virtually rewritten page by page.

Held in the world's largest city, and for the first time in the Orient, the Eighteenth Olympic Games were acclaimed as "the most successful of them all." They were the superlative Olympics—a fourteen-day pageant replete with firsts, mosts, bigests, bests—without doubt the largest sports event ever staged.

The all-out effort to make all facilities the best ever, including the most modernistic gymnasiums and sports centers, new superhighways, monorails, and decorated streets, cost the Japanese more than 67,300,200,000 yen, the equivalent of \$1,861,945,000.

But the planning and work of preparation for the games did not stop with contests, buildings, and traffic arteries. In fact, it was not with the machinery, the gadgets, the exter-



Australia's outdoor girl, BETTY CUTHBERT, idol of "down under" youth and golden girl of the 1956 Olympics in Mel-

THE FLOWERS AND THE BIRDS

bourne, was gold medalist for the women's 400-meter run at Tokyo.

From a Sydney suburb called Ermington, Betty spends her life as a nursery worker at her father's business. Raising lovebirds is one of her hobbies. Among the flowers and the birds is the life for Betty; but after the day is done, she has for eleven years now buckled down to hard, consistent training.

"Following what may seem a hard road has been most rewarding—all the hard work has been worth it," says Betty. "I haven't abused my body. I have made every effort to look after it. The principles of health, hard work, and discipline bring happiness—at least they have to me."

Regular health habits are common sense in her life—"Mum's good cooking, fruit juices [her favorite—pineapple and orange], and the benefits of self-discipline."

★ **HIGHER** ★

FASTER

STRONGER

nals that the most careful work of preparation was done. Rather it was with the human element—the participants, the athletes. Obviously, during the games strict training rules were enforced. But champions are not made in a day, or in ten days, of competition. For years and lifetimes prior to the games themselves, this process was going on in scores of home countries from which the participants came, in order to assure in Tokyo the maximum performance of muscle and mind of which men and women are capable. The logic and sense of this process was plainly evident in the results—the running, the swimming, the playing—in every competition from the opening ceremony glittering with exciting promise to the closing moment with its satisfied fulfillment.

What were the most consistent elements, the long-term training regimen, that went to make for ultimate victory? To find out, I talked personally with many of the Tokyo medalists, and I found virtual unanimity among them in certain things they did or didn't do, on certain habits they followed and others they deliberately avoided. Here are samples of the convictions I heard expressed by the greatest of the world's athletes:



"Live as clean as you can." This is the oft-repeated expression from champions at the Olympics in their advice to youth of the world.

FOUR - MEDAL WINNER

Blond, eighteen-year-old DON SCHOLLANDER, swimming the men's 100-meter freestyle, scored an Olympic record time of 53.4 seconds to take America's first gold medal of the Tokyo Games. Later he secured a gold medal in the men's 400-meter freestyle relay won by the United States, another gold medal in the 400-meter freestyle, and a record-breaking fourth gold medal in the 800-meter freestyle relay. Only three swimmers in history have won three gold medals at a single Olympiad: Johnny Weismuller (at Los Angeles), Australia's Murray Rose (at Melbourne), Chris Von Saltza (at Rome).

"It's a good principle that if you are going to do anything, go at it with all your might. If you train, train all out," says Don. "In other words, live as clean as you can."

To such dedicated people, following the crowd in drinking or smoking is not the thing. "I never followed suit even though some of the kids drank or smoked. It didn't interest me," says Don. His choice of refreshments is "anything non-alcoholic."

Listen, March-April, 1965



"It could be said that the three of you are dedicated fellows?"

"Right!"

This is how the conversation started with the three American champions for the men's springboard diving: KEN SITZ-

"RIGHT"

BERGER, nineteen, of River Forest, Illinois, gold medalist; FRANK GORMAN, twenty-six, of Queens Village, New York, silver medalist; and LARY ANDREASON, eighteen, of Los Alamitos, California, bronze medalist.

It was a battle of points between these teammates—Sitzberger with 159.90; Gorman, 157.63; and Andreason, 143.77.

Ken Sitzberger indicated clearly that such success didn't come by mere chance: "I practice during the year at least two hours a day and at the beginning of the season from four hours a day. It's hard work, but it has benefited me in many ways. I have developed confidence and have maintained my health."

Ken is a nondrinker and a nonsmoker. "I find it fun living this way," he says. "There is absolutely no comparison between the two ways. Kids who drink and smoke are only hurting themselves."

Frank Gorman, a Navy lieutenant specializing in physical education at Annapolis, concurred with Ken's viewpoint, and added that milk was his favorite, his regular drink, but liquor and smokes were not for him. "In fact, I'm glad to give a witness to a life of nondrinking and nonsmoking."

"You are also a nondrinker and a nonsmoker?" I asked of Lary Andreason.

His reply, direct and forthright: "Right!"

★ ★ ★

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Riding a bicycle in Olympic Village, Betty Cuthbert of Australia happily recalls the gold medal she won in the 400-meter run.



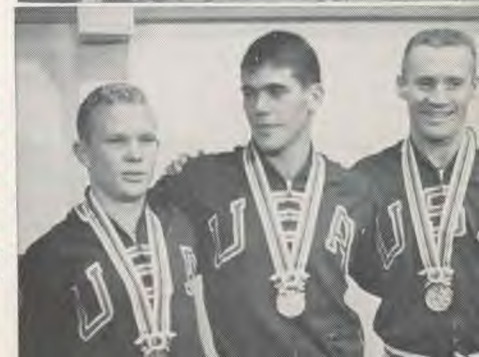
★

Finishing for one of his four gold medals, Don Schollander has shown the speed that enabled him to become the greatest swimmer of all time.



★

These three Americans won the men's springboard diving medals. Ken Sitzberger (center) took the gold; Frank Gorman (right), the silver; and Lary Andreason, the bronze.



"Atomic Boy"



NONE could have felt more honored at the opening ceremony of the Tokyo Olympics than YOSHINORI SAKAI, as he proudly bore aloft the Olympic torch on its last relay from the Imperial Plaza up the bleachers to the cauldron to light the Olympic flame.

As he circled the 400-meter track of the National Stadium prior to his ascending the 163 steps to light the cauldron, his excellent physique and magnificent running form were proof enough that a wise selection had been made from the ten prospective runners.

Yoshinori is known as the "atomic boy," for he was born only three hours after the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima.

In giving a picture of the spirit of modern Japan, Yoshinori declared, "There must be purpose in life and in what you do. If you cannot achieve your purpose, then always plan to do your best."

His ideal is "to abstain from liquor and tobacco smoking to retain good health. You can't mix sport and smoking. My way of life is a systematic living. We must choose self-control. I have no habit of drinking or smoking," he emphasized.



Records were shattered at almost every event in the Olympics. Typical was the 80-meter women's hurdles. Early in the heats a new world record of 10.5 seconds was set, but in the finals, KARIN BALZER of Frankfurt, Germany, set a new world and Olympic record of 10.2 seconds.

A physical education student, Karin has trained six days a week since she started running in 1955. Though her eating habits are like those of most folk, she doesn't "drink or smoke." This conviction, she believes, is an essential part of

healthful living as well as necessary to achieve the best in sport.

BEST IN HURDLES



To the Japanese, the hero of the games was thirty-two-year-old ABEBE BIKILA, a guard in Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie's palace, who became the first man ever to win the classic marathon twice.

TWO-TIME MARATHON WINNER

An estimated 1,100,000 people lined the route to cheer Abebe. In order to show his physical fitness on completion of the race he did calisthenics before the 70,000 spectators there.

In the Rome Olympiad Abebe completed the course without shoes to show it could be done.

This man of unique stamina and agility spends an hour and a half each day training. Only one month before his Tokyo triumph he had been in the hospital for the removal of his appendix.

Back home in Addis Ababa he has been honored with a special presentation of a ring for his achievement.

There was almost a pitiful look on Abebe's face when he was asked if he drinks or smokes. He replied sharply and quickly, "No," and his coach reemphasized his reply.



Letting youth speak for themselves is a good democratic principle. Russian champions at the Olympic Games were pleased to talk, once we could get the line-up of interpreters arranged. As an Australian, I was being interpreted by the *Listen* official Olympic photographer, Romaine Chinnock, to an American-speaking Japanese, to an English-speaking Japanese girl, who interpreted to a Russian-speaking Japanese girl, who spoke to Russian gold medalist GALINA PROZUMENSKIKOVA of Sevastopol.

The channels, though devious, worked wonderfully as the message came through clear and strong from this blond and beautiful fifteen-year-old women's 200-meter breaststroke champion who won the first gold medal of the Olympics for the Soviet Union.

Her favorite drink is milk. Complexionwise, she gave good evidence of its value. What is more, she looked the



picture of health and had proved the point in winning the gold medal.

Eating is not a speciality with her. Galina takes what most others eat. Foolish to ask, I thought, but for the record, Does she smoke?

An emphatic "Nyet" followed by a vigorous shake of her head and the question, "Why must I smoke?" Galina smiled big. Next step for me was to ask, "Do you drink?" Again, "Nyet. Why must I take alcohol? Of course one is better without these things."

VIGOROUS RUSSIAN "NYET"



★ ★ ★

The spirit of togetherness is a real thing for ANN PACKER and ROBBIE BRIGHTWELL of Great Britain.

It was at the finish of the 800-meter run

OLYMPIC "TOGETHERNESS"

for Ann, who set a new world record and a new Olympic record of 2:01.1, that her fiancé, Robbie Brightwell, gave Ann a kiss for her grand success. Robbie was one of

the key members of the United Kingdom's team, winning a silver medal in the men's 1,600-meter relay.

"We are both interested in good, clean living," said Ann. "After we are married, we plan to continue physical training because it has meant so much to us healthwise. In sports, healthful living becomes a part of the life."

"We both stand by the ideals of nondrinking, nonsmoking, and early nights," Ann declared. Why does she choose this way of living? "Well, for one thing other than health, these things are a drain on your pocket, and as for smoking, on your lungs. Some get good results who drink and smoke; but I would say not because of these things, but in spite of them."

"My advice to young people," said Ann, "is keep off liquor and tobacco—you will never miss either of them."

★ ★ ★

SUCCESS IS WELL ON THE WAY-- IF

"I don't see that drinking or smoking can do anything but harm." This was not the president of some temperance society speaking; it was none other than six-foot-four-inch, 260-pound DALLAS LONG, Olympic shot-put champion, with a distance of 19.51 meters. (Next page, please)



THE MAKING OF A CHAMPION



"I don't believe a swimmer can exist in this type of competition and drink and smoke."

This opinion, expressed over the radio in Japan during the Olympics, is not the view of a person being interviewed, but of a sports commentator, on-the-spot man for the United States Far East Armed Forces Radio, BILL YORZYK.

His viewpoint is based on sound knowledge and experience. Bill is a doctor of medicine, a past Olympic gold medalist, a former coach, and a well-informed newsman.

The Olympic Games in Melbourne in 1956 saw Bill Yorzyk receiving his gold medal for the 200-meter butterfly event—the beginning of a new trend in United States world swimming achievement.

As I talked with Bill in the Gymnastic Stadium, a fantastic, modern structure with every up-to-the-minute convenience for swimming, he repeated his statement, adding the thought, "I don't know of any swimmer in events over 100 meters who smokes and drinks and still performs well. He just can't exist in this type of competition. It all hinges on this important factor: his cardiovascular respiratory efficiency. This is the outstanding quotient in a good performance," he firmly declared.

"It basically means," Bill continued, "that an athlete or swimmer who desires to succeed must build a program that will fit him with recuperative powers."

As a former coach, Bill said he was not concerned with restrictions. If a man is dedicated, he will naturally adapt his own life to health ideals.

Asked why he thought younger swimmers had reached such top form and were breaking all records, he pointed out that mothers and dads are getting their children at four or five years of age into swimming and they grow up with it. By fifteen they have followed through to championships.

He pointed out, "Another factor is that at these ages we haven't the problem of drinking and smoking, and their efficiency must necessarily bring greater records."

Bill Yorzyk then gave this résumé of a positive training program: "Diet must be watched to see that moderation is practiced. This helps to keep the weight down, avoids gluttony or excess that brings sluggishness. I would limit fats and proteins. This idea of a meal of steaks before an effort is a fallacy. Proteins take a great deal of time to get out of the system."

He encouraged vitamin supplements. "It helps," he said, "to increase resistance against respiratory infection." The overall picture, he emphasized, is to treat the body well. "A man who does this is going to have a better life. What is more, a fit body predisposes to a fit mind, and such living undoubtedly has a carry-over value to anything one does."

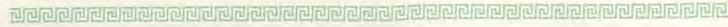
Bill, who was a coach with the University of Toronto and who has set five world records, and twenty-one United States records in swimming, and was rated national champion during 1955 to 1959 inclusive, added, "I wouldn't say that nondrinking and nonsmoking are extreme in any way. The body must be in a position to take strain and pressure. I don't believe one can do one's best if one drinks and smokes."

(Continued from page 17)

For on-the-spot energy, he is a believer in honey. Two or three spoonfuls half an hour before the event is a help, he says. He also takes a fair amount over the preceding days.

"Athletics or anything one chooses to do will be much more rewarding if the body is taken care of. It is vitally important to put into the body only what is meant for it. If this practice is followed, one's chance of success is well on the way.

"I have never smoked nor indulged in liquor. Physiological studies have proved the harmful effects of liquor and tobacco on the body. Some athletes perform well in spite of such habits, but not because of them."



BOB HAYES, a young man of twenty-one, believes in clean living. With about 150 press, radio, and TV men crushing forward to listen, Bob was asked, "Do you drink or smoke, Bob?"

"No, I don't," he said in a slow, emphatic manner. "Well, what do you drink?"



There is strong competition in backstroke swimming. In the women's event, the contestants were a group of young teen-agers. It's at this age today that they are becoming champions. The gold medalist for the 100-meter backstroke was **CATHEY FERGUSON**, sixteen, of Burbank, California; silver medalist, **CHRISTINE CARON**, sixteen, of France; and bronze medalist, "**GINNY**" **DUENKEL**, seventeen, of West Orange, New Jersey.

Cathey is a self-possessed young lady with an interest in meeting people. "I do a lot of writing to people overseas. I am interested in how people live and in their opinions."

Even though some youngsters at high school drink and smoke, Cathey has a different idea for living. "I guess

I am dedicated to swimming. Without doubt liquor and tobacco are dangerous habits. Learning to discipline oneself brings great self-satisfaction," said Cathey.

Christine Caron of France, who has recently left college, put up a fine race to secure the silver medal. She is also a nondrinker and a nonsmoker.

Bronze medalist "Ginny" Duenkel, whose life ambition is to be a nurse, and who is still a student at high school, says, "No thanks! Drinking and smoking are not my line." Later Virginia became a gold medalist when she also set a new Olympic record in winning the women's 400-meter freestyle in 4:43.3.

TEEN-AGERS AT THE TOP



A game contender from France, Christine Caron shows fine swimming form on the turn.



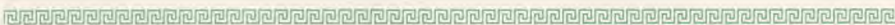
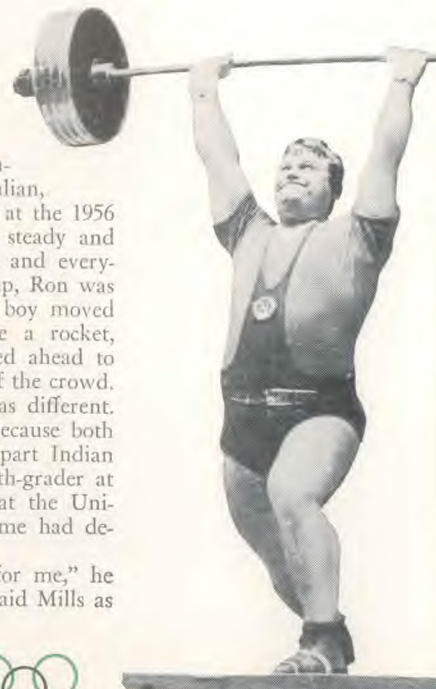
SPEED IN THE STRETCH

Courage, stamina, and perseverance are the qualities which brought **BILLY MILLS** to the tape to win first place in the 10,000-meter run.

Leading the field of some forty contestants from the start was an Australian, Ron Clarke, who had carried the torch at the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games. With his steady and well-balanced rhythm, he set the pace, and everyone was watching him. On the final lap, Ron was still leading the field, but a Tunisian boy moved forward—and then it happened. Like a rocket, Billy Mills of the United States charged ahead to pass the others amidst the excited roar of the crowd.

No one had thought about Billy Mills, but now it was different. Such success, nevertheless, hadn't come in a moment. Because both his parents, who died before he was thirteen, were of part Indian birth, he was sent to an Indian orphanage. As an eighth-grader at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, he started running. Later at the University of Kansas he won a track scholarship. His lifetime had demanded courage, stamina, and perseverance.

In such a program "drinking and smoking are not for me," he firmly declared. If it's a drink, "make it orange juice," said Mills as he went his way with a smile on his face.





Bob Hayes streaks far out in front to win top honors in the 100-meter sprint.

FASTEST MAN ON EARTH

ing forward and with a smile on his face, he d, "Milk."
it wasn't sufficient for one newsmen, and he put the ng question, "Why don't you drink or smoke?"
w, Bob was in the mood for a quick reply. "Because no good for me."

The higher one goes, the harder it gets, is certainly true for a pole vaulter. To gold medalist FRED HANSEN it meant a gruelling nine-hour battle to outlast his strong, well-qualified vaulting competitors.

A Texan, Fred, twenty-three, is a six-foot American. He weighs 165 pounds. To get this weight up and over the 16 feet 9 inches that set a new Olympic record meant physical and mental stamina.

However, he had done better when he set the world record of 17 feet 5 inches prior to the games.

As for his personal health, he believes in nondrinking and nonsmoking. "Good health is possible through a good sport if the body is developed and cared for. I go for orange juice—the real fresh dish!"



"THE
REAL
FRESH
DISH!"



SYMBOL OF SUCCESS

JESSE OWENS is a famous name in Olympic athletics. He is a past gold medalist for the 100- and 200-meter sprints, and an outstanding sportsman.

"The cardinal rule for all development of youth is to point out that there are certain sacrifices. One must start somewhere. Drinking and smoking we warn against. In the field of sports these two habits are out. Really, if you want to attain, you must choose good, clean living. You cannot succeed by defying principles."

OPINION
OF
AN
EXPERT



The leaping lady marvel, IOLANDA BALAS, of Bucharest, Romania, set a new Olympic record of 6.2 feet at Tokyo for the women's high jump.

Blond and tall, Iolanda is a specialist in sports. This twenty-seven-year-old woman is now in her fourth year as a student of academic sports. Would she, therefore, as a champion, a sportswoman, and a specialist in sports, give her opinion: Are liquor and tobacco beneficial in any way to a sportsman?

"No, no, no! Liquor and tobacco are not beneficial to any sports or to any person concerned."

With a screwed-up face and a wave of her hand, she wiped away any idea that smoking was pleasant or good. "Also, alcohol is not good for the mind," she pointed out. "Milk, water, and fruit juices—these are good, very good."

THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

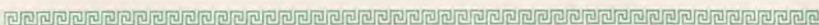
What type of man would emerge as muscle man, world record breaker, the heavy weight lifter? The battle between big husky men went on for hours until LEONARD ZHABOTINSKY of Russia broke the record by lifting 1,262 pounds.

This victory takes him out of the category of Master of Sport in the Soviet, into the highest award his country offers sportsmen. He will be termed Master Zaslvennyi, a title held by comparatively few in his country.

"It's a wonderful feeling to be the world's strongest man," he said, telling me of his inability to control his emotional excitement after the event. This is the greatest victory he ever achieved, he said.

In childhood he tried smoking, but never drinking, he went on. He took up smoking as a habit, but in 1956 stopped it. Since that time his performance has improved, he said.

Asked how he would celebrate his victory, he replied, "I will not celebrate with vodka or any other such drink. Liquor and smoking are especially bad for me. This is a sport that takes all my strength, and I think that these things are no good for anybody," he added.





Don and Mrs. Lair (extreme right) pose with the new house mom and dad (back row) and their twelve boys. Little Mr. Sunshine smiles from the front row.

MAKING MEN

Spring is when a boy's fancy turns to an early morning canter. Each boy has his own riding horse, saddle, and bridle.



Hungry boys enjoy the noon meal from a table laden with wholesome and appetizing food.



Busy boys are happy boys at Lariat Ranch, excavating for the new home.



Boys look with pride at their "money on the hoof," possibly their first possessions.

PEARL P. PUCKETT

In a land of wide horizons and golden sunsets Don and Gladys Lair, instead of retiring when they might have, built a unique training ground geared to MAKING MEN.

BOYS' COMMUNITY is comparatively new but bustling with action that stems from love, harmony, and happiness. It consists of a close-knit family life where togetherness is the rule rather than the exception. Boys' Community is a training ground for making men.

With the increasing number of alcoholics, broken homes, and insecurity in the nation, an ever increasing

number of neglected, homeless, mixed-up kids are forced to shift for themselves. To these boys who have never known happiness or people whom they could trust, the simple invitation, "Welcome home, boys, to Lariat Ranch," may sound a little strange—more like a fairy story or some farfetched dream—but it is real. It is the offshoot of a dream that Don Lair had at the age of eight when his father died—and again when he hit the jackpot in the trucking and transport business.

Don worked his way through college at Lincoln, Nebraska. When caught in the throes of the depression in the early thirties, jobless, without funds, with a wife and child to support, Don bought *(Turn to page 31)*

■ NOTE FROM HISTORY ■

WHEN Florence Nightingale first shocked her socially prominent family with the announcement that she wanted to become a hospital nurse in the 1850's, the hospitals of England were schools of debauchery.

The only women who would stoop to such a low calling were hopeless alcoholics. In her first visits to hospitals Miss Nightingale found drunken nurses sprawling in the aisles between the beds. Left to watch patients, night nurses drank until they fell asleep.

This behavior was accepted stoically by patients and public alike. "Poor people," a titled lady wrote of the night nurses. "It must be so tiresome sitting up all night. Perhaps they do drink a little, but so do the ladies' monthly nurses."

It was virtually impossible to find a sober nurse! Drinking by both nurses and patients reached such proportions in the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary that police had to patrol the wards all night to keep order.

What Florence Nightingale did to erase that sordid picture and lay the foundations for modern nursing and the Red Cross service is well-known. Less emphasized by historians, however, is the fact that her work with the British army was also, to a great extent, a fight against liquor.

"What the horrors of war are," Miss Nightingale wrote home from the Crimean War in 1855, "no one can imagine. They are not wounds, and blood, and fever, . . . and dysentery, . . . and cold, and heat, and famine. They are intoxication, drunken brutality, demoralization, and disorder on the part of the inferior; jealousies, meanness, indifference, selfish brutality on the part of the superior."

She deplored the fact that a large proportion of men discharged as convalescent were carried back drunk within twenty-four hours. "Here the convalescents are brought in emphatically *dead* drunk (for they die of it), and officers look on with composure."

Florence Nightingale believed in the nobility of human nature. At her post as lady-in-chief of nurses at Scutari on the Bosphorus, she was close to the front and knew the courage of the soldiers in battle who suffered from their wounds.

She refused to accept the popular belief that British sol-

diers were by nature drunken, roistering brutes. She had sobered the nurses, sending some thirty-five of them home in one batch for drunkenness. Now, against the open-mouthed disbelief of both the officers there at Scutari and government officials back in England, she set about turning the soldiers into self-respecting, sober men.

First she opened a recreation center for convalescing soldiers, stocked with books, games, and athletic equipment collected by her sister in England. It should be remembered that quiet and cultural recreation for soldiers was entirely unheard-of in those days. Miss Nightingale herself wrote home to her family with some amazement: "The men sat there reading and writing their letters, and the library of the British Museum could not have presented a more silent or orderly scene."

Next she established a money-order office where any soldier who wanted to send his money home to his family, rather than drink it up, could deposit it with her. The money was mailed back to England where her uncle sent it to their families.

It gave Miss Nightingale a great deal of personal satisfaction when at the end of six months £71,000 had been saved from the liquor-dispensing bazaars and sent home to the men's families. As a final blow to alcoholism, she opened a café for the soldiers, with nourishing menus and wholesome beverages.

Her efforts succeeded so well that by the end of 1855 Sir Henry Storks, Commander at Scutari, declared with enthusiasm, "Drunkenness can be made the exception, not the rule, in the army."

She changed the character of British soldiers from the drunken men they used to be to the genteel English "Tommys." She also suggested that aborigines of the British Empire be placed in reservations to protect them from the corruption of whiskey-peddling white men and from other civilized vices. Had her plan been adopted in time, several native tribes of Australia and Borneo could have been saved.

Florence Nightingale's contribution to society was surely significant, for en route to many other accomplishments, she virtually sobered an army.



“TEXAS BOB” TAKES THE SMOKING CURE - IN TENNESSEE



“**THE** weather in Nashville and middle Tennessee will be sunny and mild through Thursday with a chance of a few late afternoon and evening thundershowers Wednesday. High expected today around 85 degrees. Low tonight from 54 to 62 degrees.”

The TV camera panned back to the news desk. Weatherman Bob Olsen cleared his throat huskily and reached automatically for a cigarette. He had noticed that huskiness off and on for the last several mornings. Mentally he shrugged it off. Six o'clock in the morning is pretty early to face the camera with a smile and throw in a smooth, resonant voice in the bargain. He had pushed the widely discussed Surgeon General's report into the region of his subconscious, but now he began to wonder if the harshness in his usually appealing announcer's voice was due to that pack a day that found its way into his ash tray. How long had it been now? Ten, twelve years?

It all began back in 1952 at Saint John's University in Brooklyn. Father Ryan, in a rush to make his 9 a.m. class, forgot his usual pack of cigarettes. Before the hour-long class period was over, he had borrowed two cigarettes from one of his students. Next morning, Father Ryan came to class with a whole carton of his favorite brand under his arm and presented them ceremoniously to his unsuspecting benefactor.

“Whatever ye give, it shall be returned to you a hundredfold,” he informed his astonished class. That did it! Smoking looked pretty good to Bob Olsen.

Graduation and a two-year stint in the marines followed in quick succession. Just as quickly, three or four smokes a day increased to ten, fifteen, and before long Bob was puffing away a pack a day. Then came wedding bells, and Bob and Betty took their ash trays and moved to Mobile, Alabama, where Bob had his first job as a radio announcer.

Their next stop was Nashville, Tennessee, where Bob went to work with Ralph Emery on a show called “Opry Almanac.” “Almanac” is only one of a kaleidoscope of country-music shows aired each week over WSM-TV in Nashville, the country-music capital of the world. Emcee Emery decided

that Olsen needed a nickname in keeping with the country atmosphere of their profession, so studio personnel decided to call him “Texas Bob.” Later the action was made official. “Tex” received a certificate of honorary citizenship in the Lone Star State, signed by Governor John Connally.

So “Texas Bob” gave the weather forecasts, news, and commercials, and smoked a pack a day. Then one fine morning a man named Don Roth appeared at Channel 4. Roth was a public relations coordinator for a group of physicians and psychologists who were planning to hold a five-day “stop-smoking” clinic for the citizens of Nashville. All he wanted was a little publicity for his program, which was sponsored by a local hospital and the Seventh-day Adventist churches of Nashville. He got his publicity. He also got Bob Olsen to consider kicking the habit, for about the tenth time in ten years.

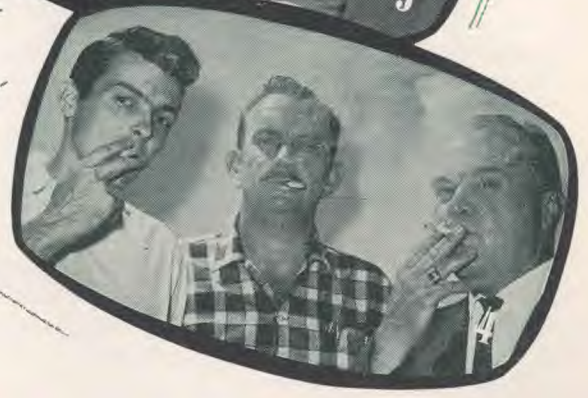
The clinic's opening night found Bob and Betty in their places, viewing, in horrible technicolor and realistic sound, a movie about a man whose cancerous lung was removed after fifteen years of smoking a pack a day. This graphic portrayal served its purpose well. It shocked the smokers back to reality.

Then the doctor began to speak. “Welcome to better living!” he said. “For a long time you've planned to stop smoking. Now this is it. You're really going to quit.”

The psychological aspect of the Plan was stressed, they noticed. To replace their ever-present pack of cigarettes, they were given a special pack of cards. “I *choose* not to smoke,” said one. “Cigarette smokers have an overall death rate 58 percent greater than that of nonsmokers,” declared another. Every time they reached for a smoke, they were to read a card instead.

They also had a notebook which gave them their instructions for that difficult first night. They hurried home, took a short walk (to improve breathing), a warm shower (to relax nicotine-soaked nerves), and fell into bed repeating, “I *choose* not to smoke,” over and over until they fell asleep.

IF YOU HAVE BEEN TOYING WITH QUITTING
 THAT SMOKING HABIT, YOU WILL WANT TO
 READ HOW TV PERSONALITY
 BOB OLSEN OVERCAME IN FIVE DAYS.



They were up bright and early the next morning, in plenty of time for another shower, several glasses of warm water and fruit juice, and the ritualistic repetition of the ever-present axiom, "I choose not to smoke."

"Opry Almanac" regulars gave Olsen a bad time. Country comedian Archie Campbell puffed a blue haze of cigar smoke and Bob tried not to inhale. Toward midafternoon he noticed a light headache. He took another walk, drank another glass of water, and kept at it.

By evening he was at the height of withdrawal and in good shape for the second therapy session. On display the second night was a startling array of pathology specimens collected in a Washington, D.C., hospital. Here the assembled habit-kickers could obtain all the graphic visual proof they might desire for the necessity of giving up tobacco.

"Nearly 43,000 persons lost their lives to tobacco in 1963," the doctor informed them. "If the present trend continues, the number will be 86,000 by 1980."

1. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Olsen say "thumbs down" to the offer of a smoke after attending the Five-Day Plan in Nashville, Tennessee.
2. "Are you kidding?" Tex's friends from the *Tennessean* are horrified at the thought of one more puff.
3. "Tex" Olsen and two reporter friends from the Nashville *Tennessean*, after signing their pledge cards. A. C. Marple, psychology counselor of the Five-Day Plan, is on the left, and Dr. William Swatek, Washington, D.C., pathologist, is on the right.
4. One last drag! Participants in the Five-Day Plan pause outside Nashville's War Memorial Auditorium for a final cigarette before the Plan begins.

The doctor also stressed the importance of a "protective diet."

"Fruits and fruit juices are the best antidotes against tobacco poison," he declared. Also high on the list of protectives were whole-grain cereals, nuts, and milk. They were advised to eat raw vegetables, only lean meat, and eggs poached, boiled, or baked rather than fried.

Part of the therapy plan each evening included questions and statements from members of the group. At the end of the second day headaches were the most frequent complaint. Housewives were sleepy, unable to get through ordinary dishwashing and bed making in the mornings. Businessmen noticed unusual fatigue.

The doctor stressed, "Early to bed, early to rise," and sent the quitters home to get rested up for the third and reputedly most critical day.

Bob Olsen's broadcasting schedule demanded that he appear at the studio well before 6 a.m. in order to check late weather reports before "Almanac" went on the air. According to his instruction leaflet for day number three, he should crawl out of bed early enough to allow time for (1) the warm shower, (2) a *leisurely* breakfast, and (3) exercise right after breakfast. Some quick figuring told him he would have to rise somewhere between 3:30 and 4 a.m. to accomplish all this, so he decided to turn in early.

The instructions also advised that he put aside any major problems or decisions that he was facing until his frayed nerves were in better shape. Easygoing Tex didn't have many problems, but he mentally dismissed the few that did exist and faced the camera with a smile and a cheerful report on his progress for cigar-smoking Archie Campbell.

That day he made hourly pilgrimages to the water cooler, breathed deeply and ate lightly, skipping spicy foods and before-meal cocktails. And that evening he returned once again to the auditorium for the fourth self-help session.

"This fight against tobacco is an hourly struggle," the doctor informed them. Bob couldn't have agreed more! "Try giving it up an hour at a time,

(Turn to page 30)



FOR TOMORROW

HELP FOR TODAY - HOPE



FIVE years ago in the dead of winter three figures were huddled together on the floor of an empty house just off Vine Street in Philadelphia. The floor was ankle deep with empty wine bottles, canned-heat containers, Alcolado bottles (Puerto Rican bay rum), trash, and filth—an accumulation left by the many drunks who, like these three, had spent the last of their money for a bottle of wine or a “can” to knock them out for the night. They preferred this to spending a sleepless night in a 40-cent, vermin-ridden “flop house,” be-

cause their alcohol-soaked bodies demanded yet more alcohol to sleep.

Suddenly one of them awoke, shivering. The effects of the alcohol had worn off, and the cold was gnawing at a body weakened from the malnutrition of a prolonged drunk.

Nervously he searched his pockets, not for money, for he knew they had spent their last coins for the drinks that had knocked them out, but for a cigarette butt he remembered saving. He found it and shakily lit up. The reflected glare

1. In the backyard of the boulevard of broken dreams an alcoholic derelict, pockets fleeced, and stripped of shoes, will sleep off his jag and awaken wondering what happened.
2. The writer with copy of "On the Beam," a newsletter circulated to recovered alcoholics, jails, hospitals, Salvation Army institutions, and others interested in alcoholic rehabilitation in forty-three states and thirteen foreign countries.
3. In Pittsburgh Harbor Light Center Brigadier Joseph E. Heard prays with group that came forward to accept God into their lives.
4. Men assembled for chapel service at the Chicago Harbor Light Center.

revealed a dirty, unshaven face with an expression of combined fear and despair, bloodshot eyes, and a disheveled mat of hair.

The cigarette started the "dry heaves" that racked his wasted body, until he shook all over. Every fiber of his being demanded a drink to quiet his nerves.

The disturbance he created awakened the other two, and, as the gray streaks of dawn filtered through filthy windows, they put their heads together to connive how they could "score" that first drink.

These three men society brands as last-stage, hopeless alcoholics. Three of the thousands who are habitués of skid rows all over the United States and Canada.

After twenty-five years of alcoholism, author McDermott claims to have found complete sobriety since April 8, 1960, when he attended one of the Salvation Army Harbor Light programs for alcoholics.

These three were World War II veterans. One had been a successful lawyer, one a plumber, and the other a newspaper employee. However, on that particular morning, they were undeniably equal. They were unemployable. They were mentally, morally, and physically bankrupt.

Today, one of the three is dead. He died in an alcoholic convulsion. Another, when last heard of, was still on and off skid row. The third survived to write this article by walking through the doors of the Salvation Army Harbor Light Center in Washington, D.C.

The Salvation Army Harbor Light centers are located in the heart of skid-row districts in many of the major cities in the United States and Canada. They were established for the sole purpose of rehabilitating alcoholics.

Applicants for admission to the program learn that this is a Christ-centered program, designed to return a man to physical and mental health and to guide and counsel him toward accepting a Christian way of life as the ultimate answer to his problem of alcoholism.

Prior to the establishment of Harbor Light centers, skid-row missions were almost the only source of help for skid-row alcoholics. In most cases because of lack of facilities, trained personnel, and a definite rehabilitation program, the help, if any, was only temporary. So the men drifted back to the only way of life that they had learned to accept as their lot.

Some stayed sober long enough to work a few days on spot jobs. Others were content to panhandle for the price of a "jug." It becomes a vicious circle. Once they start to drink, loneliness drives them back to the row for the only type of companionship they can find. They know that they will be accepted there.

Men are referred to Harbor Light centers by courts, jails, hospitals, clergymen, Alcoholics Anonymous, recovered alcoholics, welfare agencies, and people interested in alcoholic rehabilitation. In many Harbor Light centers, a soup line is available after the evening service, and men interested in the program inquire after a respite from hunger.

All have one thing in common: They want a better way of life. They come from all walks of life and every stratum of society. About 80 percent are veterans of one of the wars. But on skid row, fighting still another war, they all bitterly accept the stigma of wasted lives, desperately alone, searching for an answer.

Before a man is accepted on a program, he is interviewed. In many cases the counselor conducting the interview is a recovered alcoholic and a member of the staff. Before the interview is over, in many cases, that spark of hope that

springs eternal is rekindled in the man. He wants to find a better way of life and hopes that this will be the answer.

In some Harbor Light centers clinical facilities are available, and the man is given a complete physical examination. Sometimes he requires sedation to keep him from going into delirium tremens or alcoholic convulsions.

In Harbor Light centers where clinical facilities are not available and the counselor believes a man's condition warrants hospitalization or clinical treatment, arrangements are made to have the man admitted to a local hospital alcoholic ward or an outpatient alcoholic clinic until he is able to return to the program.

Each evening the men attend a spiritual or group-therapy meeting. The Salvation Army advocates that before a man can recover fully from alcoholism and maintain any continuity of happy sobriety, he must have a spiritual awakening, asking for and accepting help from God.

After an interval of attending services and working around the building, the men are sent out to work for the general public. Almost any Harbor Light employment desk can furnish men to do painting, waxing, carpentry, yard work, landscaping, and moving jobs.

After the men start to work and start paying their own way on the program, an immediate change in their morale is apparent. Self-respect and physical well-being, resulting from proper diet, work, recreation, and normal sleeping, all tend to contribute to the first semblance of peace of mind these men have experienced for a long while.

As their alcohol-befogged minds begin to clear, their attitude in the chapel also begins to change. Then one night something in the message hits a man between the eyes and awakens a dormant faith or belief and a sudden desire to surrender to the will of God. This is the ultimate aim of the Harbor Light program. Once a man can come to believe that God can and will help him overcome the problem of alcoholism, he establishes faith.

Group therapy and recreation play an important part in the rehabilitation of the alcoholic. In addition to spiritual meetings, Harbor Light programs include a Men's Fellowship Club which meets one night a week for fellowship and recreation. Some Harbor Light centers have Alcoholics Anonymous groups which use the facilities of the building to hold weekly meetings.

The men are counseled to utilize their free time wisely to avoid the boredom that often drives men back to drink. They are told that by apportioning their free time between prayer, worship, recreation, fellowship, study, hobbies, attending A.A. meetings, and even quiet meditation, they are, in short, drafting a new plan for living. Each day, as they live this new way of life one day at a time, they are establishing habit patterns that can have the end result of happy, normal, and sober Christian living.

Alcoholism is a self-inflicted disease. It becomes a physical, mental, and spiritual disease. It is furthermore progressive and never gets better. Medical science has developed no cure. Once alcohol enters the system of an alcoholic, the compulsion to continue drinking becomes so great that he drinks until he is drunk and helpless. For the alcoholic who desires to live, there is only one answer: total abstinence.

As long as men seek to rehabilitate themselves from alcoholism at the skid-row level, there will be need for Harbor Light programs. As long as there are Harbor Light centers on the skid rows, there is a ray of hope for the so-called hopeless alcoholic. In any Harbor Light building an alcoholic can find help for today and hope for tomorrow.

■ Robert F. McDermott ■



In her heart Pam was saying, Good-bye, my love, my life.

May God give you peace.

IT WAS after midnight on that Sunday morning. Pam, rollers neatly camouflaged beneath a pink, ruffled boudoir cap, gown concealed under a lacy, rosebud duster, snapped off the television set and settled back to wait for Jim. Jim was her husband of nineteen years. He was a bartender.

Debby and Craig, twelve and fifteen years of age, had gone sleepily to their rooms hours ago. Pam watched the little guppies swimming around in their aquarium. The green shade on the night-light cast a weird glow over the fish. "I wonder why they are all coming to the top. I know the children fed them," thought Pam.

Just then she noticed that the filter was sending only a few air bubbles up. She walked over and made the necessary adjustment. "You poor little things. You needed air. Well, at least someone can help you. What if you were me? I wish my problem were as simple."

Pam heard a car stop. She peeked out from a small window. A cabdriver was coaxing Jim out of the taxi. Pam hoped her neighbors were all in bed as she watched Jim, collar open at the neck, face flushed, stagger from the cab toward the door.

After about ten minutes of fumbling with the lock, Jim got the door open. Bleary-eyed, he finally noticed Pam on the couch, and, stooping unsteadily, he kissed her on the cheek. "Sorry, sweetheart," he murmured. He then staggered into the kitchen. Pam heard the refrigerator door open and dishes clatter. Drunk or sober, Jim always had a snack before going to bed. Pam heard him come out of the kitchen and clamber up the stairs, fall on the first landing, and then after an interval pick himself up and stagger the remaining few steps to the bathroom.

She knew this routine by heart. She heard the door open, unsteady footsteps, and the thud of a heavy body on squeaky springs. Almost instantly Pam heard his snores. "For two cents," she thought, "I'd dress and walk out that door and never come back." But she knew that the anxiety she had endured with Jim would be nothing compared to the torture she would have wondering how the children were faring.

She turned out the lights and climbed wearily up the stairs. She went to her daughter's room, crawled in beside Debby, and fell into a troubled sleep.

"Mom! Aren't you going to fix some breakfast before we go?" Debby's voice was insistent.

Pam opened her eyes. It was a few seconds before she could collect her thoughts enough to ask, "What time is it?" Debby and Craig were already dressed for church.

"It's seven o'clock. We want to go to the eight o'clock service," said Debby.

Pam reached for her robe with a few directives, "Debby, you run along and start the coffee for me, and Craig, you mix the pancakes."

When she later entered the kitchen, the coffee was perking and the table was set for three. "Smells good. How many pancakes do you want, Craig?"

"Oh, about six, I think, mother," replied Craig.

The children were unusually silent while Pam tried the cakes. When they were all seated, Debby quietly said, "Mom, dad was drunk again, wasn't he?"

Before she could answer, Craig cautioned, "Why don't you be quiet, Debby? Dad might hear you."

"Mom, why does dad do it?" Craig asked wistfully.

"I wish I knew," Pam sighed. "I hope you never drink."

Craig was almost indignant as he blurted, "You don't ever have to worry, mom. I hate the smell of the stuff."

"Mom," Debby said, "it's getting to be embarrassing. One of my friends told me she saw daddy come home the other afternoon."

"I'm sorry," said Pam, "but there doesn't seem to be much I can do about it. Your dad is in the wrong profession. He has no business tending a bar. But hurry. It's almost time to go to church." Pam sipped her coffee and watched as her children ate their cakes. She thought, "You poor little darlings. So far you are good children. Maybe I'm really harming you by staying with Jim. Maybe I should see a lawyer."

After the children left for church Pam put the roast on, and then settled back to read the Sunday paper. She looked up as a gaunt, bearded Jim came into the kitchen. She watched silently as he mixed an Alka-Seltzer and downed it, and then headed for the living-room couch where he would remain all day.

Jim had been like this for about a week. Then one evening he came home much worse.

"I've had it," she decided. She looked through the yellow pages of the telephone book for an attorney. She picked one at random, called for an appointment, and was in his office within two hours.

Pam was ashamed that she had to seek a perfect stranger to discuss her personal affairs, but she was determined to put an end to it all.

"Are you sure this is what you want to do?" asked the lawyer.

Pam searched for the right words. "Naturally I would prefer to have my marriage saved, but the situation is impossible. My life is already wrecked, but I can't stand by and perhaps ruin my children's chances for a normal, happy existence."

"Has your husband ever struck you?" asked the lawyer.

Pam stared at the desk calendar as she murmured, "Several times, but never when he was sober. He is always sorry afterward."

The lawyer cleared his throat and asked, "Would he consider seeing a marriage counselor?"

"I'm afraid not. He objects to outsiders butting in on his business."

"How about your minister?"

"There's no help there, either. He never goes to church."

"Mrs. Eldien, why haven't you sought help before?"

Pam struggled a moment to compose herself. She hated having to discuss such private things with a total stranger. "I loved my husband. I hated the thought of a broken home, and I didn't feel able to handle the children alone. I think they need both parents to keep them on the right track. Maybe I'm just a sentimentalist. My mother and father were separated when I was twelve. Mother was always tired and had to work so hard to keep us children together. Finally, when I was fifteen, she married my stepfather. I vowed I would never have a stepfather for my children if I had to go through tortures to prevent it."

The lawyer leaned back in his chair and looked thoughtfully at Pam for a few minutes before he spoke. "Stepfathers sometimes make excellent fathers."

"So I hear," said Pam as she nervously smoothed her skirt, "but with my luck, I'd get the wrong kind."

The lawyer tapped his pencil annoyingly on the desk as he asked, "Have you mentioned a divorce to your children?"

"Yes," said Pam.

"What was their reaction?"

She cleared her throat. "Well, Craig is the oldest, so he is more realistic. He said he thought it would be all right if he could still see his father. Debby is only twelve and is simply crazy about her father. While she dislikes his drinking, she loves him so much she doesn't like the idea of his leaving." Pam felt ill. She fought with her inner emotions. She wondered what the lawyer was thinking. After all, he was a man. She wondered how he got along with his own wife.

Almost in a daze Pam heard the lawyer ask, "Have you ever asked your husband for a divorce?"

"Yes," said Pam, "many times."

"What was his answer?"

Pam laughed a little nervous laugh and replied, "He said he would never give me a divorce. He swears undying love

and always promises to quit drinking and straighten up."

The lawyer pushed a little buzzer as he said, "It seems to me you have taken a lot of punishment unnecessarily. If you're sure you want to go through with this, I'll have my secretary draw up the papers."

Pam's voice wavered a bit as she inquired, "What happens after you fill out the papers?"

He looked at her with his penetrating eyes that seemed to know that this was something she had to do rather than something she wanted to do. "When my secretary gets them typed and you sign them, we will send a copy to your husband and he will then have to vacate within two weeks. Then as soon as we can get a date on the court calendar, we shouldn't have any difficulty getting this case through. After my secretary takes a few notes, perhaps you have a little shopping you'd like to do for a couple of hours. Then we'll have the papers ready for you to sign."

The secretary took the necessary notes and Pam walked out of the office and onto the street. It was all she could do



*"I Loved
You So Much"*

I Loved You So Much"

to refrain from screaming to the passersby, "My lovely marriage is breaking up. Help me. Somebody please help me!" She vaguely remembered entering a department store, purchasing a blouse for Debby, a shirt for Craig, and the chess game the kids had been wanting for a long time, and then going back to the lawyer's office to sign the papers.

The lawyer called in a few days to let Pam know that Jim had been served the papers. Pam thanked him and hung up the phone. She felt numb. Nineteen years of marriage all gone.

The phone rang again. It was Jim. He sounded incredulous that she had done this thing. "I was served papers this morning. You're just trying to scare me, aren't you?"

Pam blinked back the tears as she said crisply into the phone, "You know better than that, Jim. You didn't think I could go on forever like this, did you?"

"Well, don't do anything hasty, dear. I'll be home early tonight and we'll talk this thing over."

"There's nothing to discuss." Pam firmly replaced the receiver. Then she sat back and had a good cry. The thought of not seeing Jim every day or hearing his key in the lock was almost too much to bear. As long as she lived, Pam knew, she would never love another man as she had loved Jim.

When the children came home from school, Pam told them as simply as possible about the divorce. They were strangely silent, having very little appetite at dinner, and excusing themselves suspiciously early to go to their rooms.

Jim got home about nine. He had the summons clutched tightly in his hand. Even in a time of crisis Jim still had to have his whiskey. He stared at her accusingly, "How could you do this to me? You know I'd be lost without you!" He looked lost and pathetic standing there. She refused to look at him, knowing her traitorous heart all too well. Love hadn't been the answer in her case.

"I've thought about you for nineteen years, now I've got to start thinking of the children and myself. I can't take any more of your drinking."

"Pam, look at me." Pam felt the

gentle tug of Jim's fingers as he forced her chin upward so that her eyes met his. "I can stop any time I want to," he said. "I won't let you go, Pam."

Pam was silent.

"You have no right to do this. You're just angry because I like to have a few drinks. You're just being spiteful. What would I do without you and the children?"

"Actually, Jim," she said, "all you really need is a bottle of whiskey, and a room to sleep your drinking off. You don't need a wife. One thing is sure, you don't need a family to watch you kill yourself."

Jim tried to pull her into his arms. Pam jerked away. "None of that. You know I still love you. But this time I'm going to use my head, not my heart."

"Honey," Jim was really in earnest, "if you don't go through with this, I'll go and see your lawyer. I'll talk with your mother, a marriage counselor, the minister, anything you ask. Only don't leave me. I'll even put it in writing that I won't drink anymore. I can't live without you. I'd go all to pieces. I need you and the children. Don't do this to me. I'd just be a no-good if you put me out. Honey, help me!"

Pam wanted so badly to believe Jim, but she had heard this so often before. "Not this time, Jim. I'm sorry. This is the only way out." Without waiting for his answer, Pam ran into the bedroom and locked the door.

During the next few days Pam was a bundle of nerves. A miraculous change seemed to come over Jim. He had talked Pam's mother into trying to get Pam to reconsider. The minister reminded Pam that marriage was for better or for worse. Jim enlisted the aid of Debby and Craig to plead his case.

From Craig, "Mom, dad's really not such a bad guy. Can't you give him another chance?"

Then there was Debby. "Oh, mother, please do."

Then, because Pam really didn't want a divorce, because she still loved Jim, she called her lawyer and canceled the divorce with a promise of a check for services rendered.

Jim, happy to have gained his point, took a drink just to celebrate his narrow escape. He could no more give up alcohol than he could breathing. It was either all or nothing at all. He seemed to have a constant headache.

One day the phone rang. It was Jim's boss. Jim had collapsed at work and had been rushed to the hospital. Pam left a note for the children, called a cab, and rushed to the hospital. The doc-

tors were still working on Jim when Pam got there. The girl at the desk told her that she would let her know as soon as there was any news.

Pam paced the floor of the waiting room nervously. All she could think of was how she had wanted a separation—but not this way. She buried her face in her hands. The sound of her name being paged called her back to reality. Pam saw their family physician, Dr. Greer, coming toward her. His face was very grave. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Eldien. I wish I had good news for you, but I feel it best to be very frank with you. Your husband's condition is very critical. It's just a matter of hours. Right now he is unconscious. He may or may not regain consciousness."

It was shortly after midnight that Jim opened his eyes. He held out his hand and Pam slipped her smaller one into it. No words passed between them. In that moment his eyes seemed to ask forgiveness and say, "I'll always love you." Pam stooped and kissed him. A faint smile crossed his lips. Then he closed his eyes.

They were all in the cars waiting—those long, shiny black cars. They were waiting for Pam while she was saying good-bye to a dream. That dream that every young girl has of someday meeting that one man who is just right for her. She felt a gentle touch on her elbow. "Pam, come on, dear. It's time to go now."

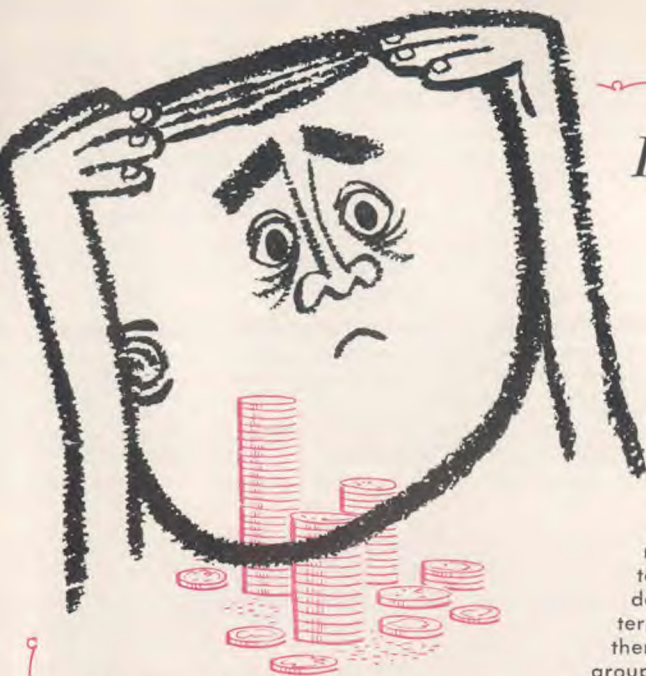
Through a haze of tears Pam saw Toni, her sister. "You must be brave, darling. Jim wouldn't want you to cry." Pam allowed herself to be led a few steps, then she turned for one last look at Jim's last resting place. In her heart she was saying, "Good-bye, my love, my life. May God give you peace. I loved you so much."

REAL DRIVING

(Continued from page 13)

highly valued by the drivers, are awarded not only to the top youth drivers, but to observers as well. A sweepstakes award goes to the entry with the best overall ton-miles per gallon. Class awards are given to entries in each class obtaining the best mileage per gallon less penalties. Observer awards are given to the five best persons based on reports, conduct, and overall ability.

This all-male test of driving has brought about a spirit of greater respect for the police department. It has produced a desire not to flout traffic laws and to impress other youths who are not members of the PACCC group to observe diligently the laws.



DEEP IN THE HEART OF TAXES

SUFFERING a case of depression over having to give away your hard-earned cash for income tax? Since you really have no other choice, you might as well collect your also-miserable friends and capitalize on your mutual problem by having fun over it.

Invitations to your party may state that guests should come dressed in hard-times costumes. Such garbs are excellent icebreakers and your friends will enjoy dressing for the party.

The theme for this party potentially abounds in atmosphere. Decorations may include groupings of empty wallets and inside-out purses. Try strips of used adding-machine tapes down the center of your tables instead of crepe paper. Place a money tree on your refreshment table.

You may want to begin your party with a fashion revue to find who will be wearing what, come April 16.

Then try a mixer to determine interesting tax information about those attending your party. Find the name of the person who—

1. sent in his income-tax form the earliest.
2. has already received a refund.
3. has claimed the greatest number of deductions.
4. has the same number of deductions as you.
5. has paid income tax the longest.
6. has never paid income tax.
7. has a birthday closest to the December 31 deadline (for purposes of deductions).
8. came the closest to being a New Year's baby (missed being a deduction).
9. has had his income-tax report audited.
10. has the highest social security number.
11. has the lowest social security number.
12. sent his report to a different internal revenue office last year.

13. had help in preparing a return.

14. made out his report all by himself.

Introduce a game of charades by having the leader come through a door into the room with a handful of thumb-tacks. When the guests have determined that the leader is interpreting "in come tax," divide them into two groups. Have each group send a representative to the leader who will supply him with words, the meanings of which his group must silently convey to the other group. The first group to identify the word or expression receives a point. Another person is then chosen by each group for the next word, and so on. Ideas for words to be interpreted are, (1) examples of charity giving such as to the church, the United Fund, or the March of Dimes; (2) reasons for claiming exemptions from paying income tax, such as being over sixty-five or blind.

For diversion use "Easy Come, Easy Go." Prepare two sets of cards on which are consecutive numbers (one number to a card) which total three times the number of people playing. The leader keeps one set in a hat. He then mixes the other set and has each guest draw three numbers. In the center of the circle of guests are placed several prizes such as a roll of pennies, a coin bank, a used booklet on preparing your income tax, a ball-point pen, and a box of aspirin. The leader reads the number on a card selected from the hat. The guest having this corresponding number puts his number aside and selects a prize of his choice. The leader continues reading until the prizes have all been chosen. Now the fun begins. As numbers continue to be read, the guests with corresponding numbers may each select any one prize of his choice already in the possession of a fellow player. The moment a guest has had all his numbers read, he is entitled to keep the prize or prizes yet in his possession. The game is concluded when all prizes have found permanent owners.

REFRESHMENTS

- Krautburgers (these are different)
- Potato Chips
- Relishes
- Poverty Pudding
- Apple Cider

KRAUTBURGERS (12 sandwiches)

- 1 cup finely shredded cabbage
- 1 cup diced onion
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup oil
- 2 cups burger butter mayonnaise
- 1 dozen sandwich buns

Sauté cabbage and onion in oil until tender. Add burger. Continue to fry until onion becomes golden and burger begins to become crispy. This mixture will not hang together. If desired use mayonnaise to bind together or just place filling in sliced buns which have been spread with butter and mayonnaise.

POVERTY PUDDING (6-8 servings)

- 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup graham-cracker crumbs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup raisins

Mix dry ingredients. Add liquid ingredients. Stir in raisins and nuts. Divide into 3 greased cans (No. 2) or place in a 2-quart mold. Cover with several layers of waxed paper held in place with a string. Place on a rack (a wire coat hanger twisted into a circle may be improvised) in a deep pan and fill the pan with water until the cans begin to float. Better remove a little water then. Cover. Steam for 1 hour. Serve with the following dip:

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 1 cup water

Mix together the sugar and flour. Add the butter and water. Bring the mixture to a boil and simmer for two or three minutes. Cover and let stand until cool.

Poverty pudding is best served while still a little warm.

P.S. If you have already received your income-tax refund, and it was worthwhile, garnish pudding with whipped cream!

"TEXAS BOB" TAKES THE CURE

(Continued from page 23)

even ten minutes at a time. You can always make it through just the next few minutes, and each time you do, the craving is lessened."

Several of the female participants in the program were complaining of a noticeable weight gain since swearing off tobacco.

"Don't worry about gaining weight for the next few days," the doctor advised. "You may gain a little, but the important thing right now is to kick the cigarette habit. You can lose that weight later."

Then he gave them a few tips for keeping calories down. Breakfast should be the biggest and most important meal of the day. Lunch should be ample, but without rich desserts. The evening meal should be the light-

"I decided to cut out women. The doc made me cut out drinking, and yesterday I cut out cigarettes."

"So now what are you doing?" Olsen asked.

"Cutting out paper dolls," he answered. "That's all that's left!"

The fourth day went surprisingly well. Olsen noticed that his lunch tasted better than it had for many months. He felt more alive, too. The air seemed clear and the world looked pretty bright. Victory was on the way!

At group therapy that evening, the psychologist stressed some of the mental and emotional problems involved with smoking. "First," he pointed out, "is the human urge for oral gratification. This begins in infancy. The bottle, the blanket, the thumb—anything, as long as you can put it in your mouth.

"However, by the time one reaches high school, thumb-sucking is definitely out. Some other outlet must be substituted for oral satisfaction.

"Then there are social pressures. Your father smokes. Your wife smokes. All your friends smoke. Who wants to be unusual? The ever-present weekend cocktail parties are no help, either.

"Finally," the psychologist concluded, "smoking is basically a selfish habit indulged in solely to gratify personal desire. Aren't you glad you're quitting?"

Yes, they were glad. So glad, in fact, that they eagerly signed their Decision Cards and went home to await the dawn of day number five.

As soon as his eyes were open the next morning, Olsen reached for the ever-present instruction booklet. "You will not smoke today," it informed him. "There is no doubt!"

The notebook also informed him that his willpower should now be sufficiently strengthened so that it was no longer necessary to avoid his tobacco-tarnished friends.

The final therapy session had involved a lot of congratulations, back-patting, and words of encouragement.

"Don't give up now!" the doctor warned. "You've come this far and you've won. During the last four days you have learned how to break the smoking habit. Now let's keep it broken!"

Out from behind the smoke screen at last, Olsen was on his way. No more morning hoarseness, no shortness of breath. From here on in there was nothing but clear, fresh air.

Today even a \$50,000 offer wouldn't tempt Texas Bob to do a cigarette commercial. His habit has been kicked—for good!

SMOKING MOTHERS

(Continued from page 7)

2. Drink six to eight glasses of water between meals. The more liquids you can down, the quicker the nicotine will be flushed out of your body. Take no alcoholic beverages, no beer, no wine.

3. Get adequate rest during these five days. Have regular times for meals, a set time to go to bed, and no night-clubbing. You are going all out to conserve your nervous energy.

4. After meals get outside, walk, and breathe deeply for fifteen to thirty minutes. Don't sit in your favorite chair after eating. This is where and when you will want most of all to smoke. The chair, curtains, rugs, and everything in the house are saturated with tobacco. Get outside and away from them.

5. Do not drink alcohol, tea, coffee, or cola beverages. Try to avoid all sedatives and stimulants in order to build up your nervous reserves as quickly as possible. Milk or buttermilk is the beverage now. For a hot beverage, use a cereal drink.

6. During these five days avoid fish, fowl, and meat. Avoid rich gravies, fried foods, condiments, and desserts. Candy, cake, pie, and ice cream are out for the time being. Also, while eating highly spiced food it is almost impossible to stop smoking.

7. Eat all you want of fruits, grains, vegetables, and nuts. Eat abundantly of fresh fruit, but eat fruits and vegetables at separate meals. Eat nothing between meals, and chew only sugarless gum, if you insist on chewing.

8. For extra amounts of vitamins, particularly B complex, which is the vitamin to build up your nerves as you deprive them of nicotine, take at each meal one or two tablespoonfuls of wheat germ. One or two tablespoonfuls daily of dried brewer's yeast is another good source of B complex and protein as well. It can be taken in milk or tomato juice. Yeast concentrate in the form of hot drinks is also good. Your physician may advise you to step up your vitamin capsules.

9. The most important part of this whole program is to ask God to help you. All you need to do is to follow the Lord's advice: "Ask, and it shall be given you." You can never fail with God as your partner.

Follow the outlined schedule each day, says Dr. McFarland, and you will feel better and have a sense of well-being unknown to you for a long time. You can face the world. You are running your life, not Lady Nicotine.



"It says you are a sober person with no bad habits. It has your weight wrong, too."

est, especially if there is any weight problem. And meals should be at regular intervals. No all-day snacking allowed!

Determination renewed, they went away to face their fourth day. It was going to be a big one. "Today you are in the driver's seat," the instruction booklet informed them. "Today is the time for a showdown."

When Bob arrived at the studio that morning he discovered one of his country music cohorts sitting at the breakfast table with a pair of scissors and a large sheet of white paper.

"What's going on?" Olsen inquired.

"Well," the young man explained,

MAKING MEN

(Continued from page 20)

an old truck and did odd trucking jobs in order to secure food, clothing, and shelter. With hard work, long hours, and frugal management he was soon able to expand his trucking business until he eventually owned a string of long-distance moving vans with headquarters at Lincoln.

In 1945, the dream of a boys' ranch returned again. By this time he and his wife had six children and a very lucrative business. Nevertheless Don started looking for a suitable location to match his dream, and before 1946 he had sold his business and bought a large spread of land near Stapleton, Nebraska, where he moved his family. Don and his wife, Gladys, soon discovered that ranching was a good life, filled with sunshine and growing things, wide horizons and golden sunsets. They both agreed that it was an ideal place to rear children. Time moved swiftly for the Lairs, and soon their children were either married or finishing college.

At this point Don and his wife could have retired—could have moved somewhere to bask in the sunshine during the severe Nebraska winters, or taken an expensive cottage at some resort during the hot summers. But they had other plans for their future. Instead of retiring, they built a wing on the ranch home and issued the invitation, "Come home," to six neglected, wayward, homeless boys.

The six boys, ranging in ages from eight to fourteen, were from Nebraska and neighboring states—one as far away as Oklahoma; but all were products of unfortunate family situations and broken homes. All were mixed-up kids who had been "sold short" by drunken fathers and mothers or parents who couldn't cope with rearing a family. "One of the boys had been into so many scrapes that the judge refused to let me have him. He was being sentenced that day to a long stretch in the state reformatory," Don noted. "Well, I finally got him even though the judge predicted that he would have every boy on the ranch incorrigible."

"Ever regret having taken him?" I asked.

"One of the finest boys I ever had. He hasn't caused me a speck of trouble so far, and I'm sure he never will," Don said thoughtfully. "The kid had been kicked around. He had never really had a chance, so naturally he hated people. A stretch in the reformatory would have made him a criminal."



YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

LISTEN invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding c/o *LISTEN* Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.

How can the effects and consequences of drinking be made clear to the community?

It has been said that experience is the best teacher. Every child learns that to touch a hot stove produces a painful burn. Any child with ordinary intelligence learns from observing another's painful experience, be it a burn or a broken leg.

Education depicting the end results of drinking, through films, TV, stories, and plays, will undoubtedly have a strong impact on a community. If one tenth the amount of time and money

were spent on deglamorizing drinking as is spent on glamorizing beverage alcohol, its painful consequences would become well-known.

A youth's court, supervised and directed by a regular judge, has served to arouse public interest in the problem in some cities. In such a court a panel or jury of young people serves to pass judgment on alcohol-connected crimes.

The young people then take back to their schools and to their homes the firsthand, heartrending stories of crime and ruin, the end result of the deceptive power of alcohol.

"We want so much to make this a real home for the boys," Mrs. Lair added. "They have their own quarters, but they still have the run of the house and are treated just as if they were our own children."

The fact that Mrs. Lair doesn't blink an eye at the huge washings and ironings, the endless baking and cooking seemed amazing. "The boys pitch in and help a lot," she explained. Homemade bread, for instance, is a daily ritual. Besides that there are always two or three large pans of hot dinner rolls for supper and no leftovers!

The boys' room is another dream, for it is large and light, fitted with every convenience. The walls are finished in knotty pine with blond bunk beds, comfortable innerspring mattresses, ample blond desks, large lounging chairs, lamps, and reading stands filled with good literature. Large, roomy closets are as clean as a whistle. The boys keep them that way. The large room itself is more like an ultramodern club for planning really big things for tomorrow.

"I want you to know that these boys are no problem at all," stated Mr. Lair. "They keep their own room clean and have certain responsibilities around the

ranch. I was warned that it would be difficult to get these boys to settle down and use their energies constructively. There's not a single shiftless one in the bunch.

"They all realize that ranch life calls for a lot of work, and we all have to share it in order to get it finished. My boys enjoy helping, and they are getting practical experience in ranching and farming. At the same time they are having a lot of fun without getting into mischief."

Mr. Lair takes the boys to school in his station wagon and picks them up after school. Of course there are chores to be done, but more than ample time is allowed for homework, music lessons, reading, television, or radio. During the week all the boys are in bed by nine and up at six. They are making excellent grades in school. They are participating in sports, and they can study any musical instrument of their liking. Some of them are going to church for the first time and loving it.

For a happier, closer-knit family than the Lairs and their boys you will have to look far. Doing things together and fitting into an important family role has given the boys confidence and a new-found sense of love

and security. Each boy has his own riding pony, saddle, and bridle, and has learned to ride well. Each is more than adept at handling a tractor and can do most any farm or ranch job. The boys take great pride in their family garden, and each year they have helped Mrs. Lair can close to 1,000 quarts of fruits and vegetables.

Strange as it may seem, the boys even enjoy cooking and washing dishes. Popping corn and candy making are a nightly ritual during the winter months.

Perhaps the Lairs would have settled for only the six boys had it not been for the fact that they received so many heartbreaking letters from mothers, grandmothers, and even friends, pleading for delinquent, unwanted boys in dire need of a home. The Lairs couldn't let them down.

One thousand acres have been deeded by the Lairs to the future Boys' Community and are incorporated under the name of Lariat Ranch and Vocational School, Incorporated, Stapleton, Nebraska. Incorporators and trustees are Mr. and Mrs. Don Lair; Fred Shrake, North Platte businessman; Hubert Packham, Gothenburg, Nebraska, farmer; and Walter A. Howe, Lincoln, Nebraska, educator. W. R. Mullikin of North Platte, Nebraska, is counsel and ex officio member of the board of trustees.

Plans call for at least twenty individual home units equipped to accommodate from six to ten boys over which a young married couple will act as parents.

Blueprints call for the construction of school buildings to be staffed by full-time instructors. A large gymnasium and athletic field, in addition to machine shops, poultry houses, dairy buildings, and horse barns will be added. Land for a townsite already has been allocated.

A special educational fund is set aside for each boy to enable him to continue his education or to have a modest start in life when he leaves home. "Our aim," Mr. Lair explained, "is not only to have our boys completely trained and fitted to lead a useful life, but to assist them in establishing that life."

Last year contributions and profits from the farm and ranch enabled the Lairs to erect a new home and to take in six new boys. A couple was hired to take over the duties of housemother and housefather.

Boys of all races, creeds, and colors are accepted. One of the new boys welcomed home to Boys' Community is a youngster born out of wedlock of Japanese and Indian parentage. He has had

a struggle from birth. He has felt the pangs of heartache, since no one wanted to adopt him. Today he is little Mr. Sunshine, and justly so. His house mom claims he is smiling and singing most of the time, "just unable to contain his happiness."

As Boys' Community grows, self-government will be adopted. Right now there is a pay-as-you-go plan in effect. The initial twelve boys are helping to pioneer something very worthwhile and wonderful.

When Boys' Community is completed, it will have cost more than two million dollars, not including the land that Don Lair has donated. The corporation hopes eventually to be partially self-supporting through industries made possible by trades and vocational study and by further development of the 800 acres to be irrigated. The cultivated land is included in the 2,600-acre spread, and is now partially irrigated. The other 1,800 acres are grass.

Omaha's famous Boys' Town was made possible primarily by contributions. Sufficient contributions could immediately put Boys' Community on the map of Nebraska, and help boost at least 200 more neglected boys to a bright, new future. So far, most of the bills have been paid by the Lairs. They firmly believe that there is in every boy the makings of a strong, productive individual; but these potentialities must be recognized and tended with patience and persistent encouragement, not by institutional bargaining where young delinquents are thrown together to seethe in hate and foster crime.

The Lairs help their boys think more clearly about themselves and their world and about their future. In short, they are giving them security, spiritual guidance, and strength to face tomorrow.

Perhaps it was someone like Don Lair who inspired Edwin Markham's poem:

We are all blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

THE ALCOHOLIC

(Continued from page 10)

Where he has a faith in God, it will help him to have the courage to go on, to rise above his defeats and disappointments.

Whether alcoholic or not, every man needs a sense of purpose, a belief in the meaningfulness of life. Those most prone to seek erroneous means to ego gratification, as in addiction to alcohol or narcotics, are floundering without a feeling of direction. To them life is meaningless. Those with a strong belief in their own worth, who treasure their personal integrity, who are acutely aware of their kinship to their fellowmen and to God, are sustained by their faith, and they need no crutch.

With love come fewer failures, more triumphs. The alcoholic now attracts positive things. Before, he projected hostility and received hatred and adversity. Now he projects love and receives love. If he persists in this constructive pattern, almost inevitably he will come to feel that there is divine purpose in life.

To be truly self-disciplined is to find faith in oneself, in man, in God. The skid rows of the world are populated by men and women who lack this faith. So also are many homes.

Self-fulfillment is the bread of life. Self-discipline is its leavening agent. He who eats heartily of these will require no alcoholic crutch.

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*The joyous book
of spring*

*Lies open,
writ in blossoms.*

William Allingham



March Wind

Milton Gilstrap

O wild March wind, I hear you call.
I come.
I leave the walls that shut me in,
Desert the roads, forsake the fields.
Alone upon a mountainside,
Among the trees that bend and murmur,
Kin to the wind, the trees, the mountain,
I reach my hand and touch the hand
Of Him who made us all.
Blow, wind!
I am content.

Cherry-Blossom Snow

Kitty Horton

I see bees at work
Where cherry blossoms bloom,
Hear faint music in the trees,
Smell the sweet perfume,
Feel the fingers of the breeze
Pull softly through my hair,
Taste the pleasant drops of rain
That spice the honeyed air.

Slow as honey from a spoon
The petals drift and flow,
Letting down a gentle storm
Of cherry-blossom snow.

April Song

Beatrice Munro Wilson

I need no roof in April.
Any tree at all
Spreading greening branches
Where new sweet grass grows tall,
With friendly trunk to lean against
As I blink in dappled sun
Or wait through silver showers
While brave new dreams are spun,
Is roof enough. Forgotten storms
And winter's tasks and lack—
Though I should fly around the moon,
April would lure me back.

O Little Bird!

Virginia Vess

Imprisoned by a friend and time,
What instinct-tides of feeling swell
Within your throbbing heart, to rhyme
In nature's happy moods, or tell
Of spring in solo voice?

On wing once more, and free to blend
With secrets of oncoming night,
Will you forget a would-be friend,
And will the season's full delight
Make your free heart rejoice?

CONQUERING TENSION

(Continued from page 5)

too hard. The company has considerable time and money invested in your career and wants everyone to be protected. . . . I am asking you to take a month off and get yourself straightened out. The rest will do you good. You may draw two weeks pay from the cashier."

My first reaction was one of shocked resentment. The rug had been pulled out just when I thought the company needed me. But what bothered me most was the blow to my pride and the worry of how I was going to save face.

Somehow I had to get into shape for a return to the job. And like everything else, it would have to be done in a hurry. During the first week of my leave, I tried a pill ration system, but the plan didn't work. I was hooked much worse than I realized.

Then one morning fear took complete command, and I went to pieces. My wife called the doctor and he confined me to bed with a round-the-clock male nurse in attendance. Three years of progressive addiction to barbiturates, accompanied by the pressure pace of my mode of living, had rewarded me with a violent crackup.

Every negative thought, from getting out of town to committing suicide, entered my mind during my violent stage. On the eighth day of the ordeal I was lying in bed, my nerves in a jangled state, when I cried out, "Oh, God, when was I last free? Please restore me to the peaceful days of my life."

With the realization that this was the first time I had come close to voicing a prayer for many years, I prayed as I never had before. How deplorable that a man has to wait for disaster to strike before he communes with God!

On the following day, with my doctor's enthusiastic approval, I went to the Y.M.C.A. and enrolled in the adult division. Upon being introduced to the gym instructor, I told him with com-

plete honesty I was to take light workouts three evenings a week. He also recommended calisthenics, half-mile walks, and deep-breathing exercises in the mornings.

While my newly-found diversion left me physically tired the first month, my mental attitude was much improved. I was able to return to the job and, with sensible scheduling, I conformed to a regular eight-hour day.

Sleep came more naturally now. My eating habits were regular and my energy had returned. The insanity of my addiction was on the wane, but the roots still had to be removed. However, I had made progress, and I continued my program toward a positive frame of mind.

I have since endeavored to give thanks to God every day for coming to my aid. With my family I attend church services regularly, not that I feel it compulsory, but because I want to. Now that my problem has been conquered, I know that it is far more constructive to try a prayer than a pill. And it's available without a prescription.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE CURB?

(Continued from page 13)

begging for food. One Friday afternoon a little girl came to the restaurant where I worked. My chum Nellie said, "Let's give this little girl a bath and see what she looks like."

Then we told her we must take her home. She did not want to leave, but we finally persuaded her to show us where she lived. When we brought her into the one-room house where the family of eight lived, her brothers and sisters hardly recognized her, she looked so changed.

Nellie said to the family, "We have brought your little girl home." At this the father replied gruffly, "Keep her, we don't want her."

"But," persisted Nellie, "you do not understand. We do not want to take

your girl from you. We only visited with her for a while, and now we have brought her home."

The father almost shouted, "Keep her! Keep her! We don't want her. Take her with you, and if she isn't good, whip her. Whip her good and hard."

We walked away in a daze with his shouts ringing in our ears. Later the little girl was adopted by a family who loved her and cared for her.

If you have never seen scenes like these, or heard sad-faced, bewildered children asking for their drinking parents, then, as you have walked down the sidewalk of life, your eye has not yet seen the curb.

HIS PARISH IS THE ATLANTIC

(Continued from page 11)

these wild, inhospitable islands. He can talk with the men in their own language. He is the favorite baseball and softball umpire in all the island chain.

One of the principal problems is marital difficulties. "Some of the islands are paradises, and some of them are the opposite," Joe explains. "But regardless of surroundings, certain men always use their problems as an excuse to drink heavily. Straightening out a marriage problem, however, is usually the answer to straightening out a drinking problem."

After the rigors of flying 15,000 to 20,000 miles on cargo planes, hopping from island to island, and frequently staying up half the night with some troubled, lonely man, Joe is supposed to take a month's rest at home on the shores of a lake near De Land, but he cuts his rest time up by visiting on the mainland to settle marital problems, calling on wives and children who may be in hospitals, and caring for problems placed on his broad shoulders during the trip.

The Rev. Joe Keiper surely has a tough yet satisfying job as a chaplain whose parish is the wide Atlantic.

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views

❖ **WASHINGTON DRINKERS.** The nation's capital is still the "drinkingest" city in the United States, according to a prominent liquor industry official. Fred M. Switzer, executive vice-president of the Wine and Spirits Wholesalers of America, says that San Franciscans and New Yorkers and Chicagoans also bend an elbow pretty well, but they don't belong in the same barroom with Washingtonians. Switzer also notes that bootlegging in the United States may well be greater than in the days of prohibition.

❖ **ALCOHOL AND SEX.** Alcohol is a major cause of problems in traffic safety, sleep, and sex, according to Dr. Mervyn G. Hardinge, chairman of the department of pharmacology at Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California. Addressing a six-day seminar of Seventh-day Adventist clergymen on counseling alcoholics and heavy smokers, Dr. Hardinge said a drinking-driver's visual reaction time is slowed by alcohol, the driver taking considerably longer to perceive the change of traffic lights from red through amber to green.

Discussing slumber, Dr. Hardinge said that a person who drinks alcoholic beverages often does not get a restful sleep, but rather a drugged sleep. He conceded that alcohol increases a person's desire for sexual relations. "But," he said, "while alcohol increases the desire for sex, at the same time it reduces an individual's ability to perform in a normal manner."

❖ **BARMAID SOCIOLOGIST.** It was the sort of West Side bar that even a libel lawyer would call a "dive." The stools were patched, the neon light was cracked, the drinkers seemed tired, dusty, and lonely—like the neighborhood. And yet the blond girl behind the bar did not fit the scene at all. She possessed a just-bathed look, was polite and obviously intelligent.

Three months later in September the bar owner learned that Astrid Huerter, twenty-one and graduate student in sociology at the University of California, was working behind his bar as part of her "course" in the study of the drinker, the decadent neighborhood, and its effect upon loneliness. Most

of the regular patrons came to the bar not out of a need to drink or to pass the time of night. They came rather "out of a desperate need to communicate with someone and a desire to be heard," she concluded.

❖ **VODKA OUT OF STLYE IN RUSSIA?** "Something must be done in the fight against drunkards who sometimes break up their families, violate public order, and who become poor workers," former Premier Khrushchev said recently. The Communist Party newspaper, "Pravda," demanded forced labor for drunkards and raised the possibility of banning vodka sales, which are already banned in railway stations and football stadiums. The amount sold to restaurant patrons is also limited.

SMOKING PARENTS. Don't smoke if you want your child not to smoke, American parents are advised.

The United States Children's Bureau, in a new pamphlet entitled, "Your Teen-age Children and Smoking," states: "Possibly the most important thing that influences a child to smoke or not to smoke is his family. If his parents smoke, the chances are greater that he will smoke also. Even when one parent smokes, it increases the chances of the daughter or son smoking."

If you smoke and can't stop, be frank with your children about it, the pamphlet suggests. At least make a strong effort to cut down on the number of cigarettes you smoke. Try to stop inhaling, and so deeply. "If you make a bargain with your child about his not smoking or your not smoking, never break your end of it."

❖ **OFFICIAL BREW.** The General Brewing Corporation of San Francisco, producer of Lucky Lager Beer, recently signed up to participate in the California World's Fair, scheduled to run in Long Beach during 1967 and 1968. General Brewing has extended the fair a credit of \$350,000. In turn, the fair says it will endorse Lucky Lager as its official brew.

PERCHED
100 FEET
IN THE AIR
ABOVE A
TWELVE-FOOT-
DEEP

Sixty-three-year-old Jimmy Jamison likes to "get high" several times a day—but not from a bottle!

Spry Jamison is perhaps the oldest high-dive specialist in the nation and, despite his years, climbs daily to the top of a 100-foot perch where he stands poised on a twelve-inch-square piece of wood, surveying the crowd below and judging the wind currents. Below him is a twelve-foot-deep flaming tank of water. Within moments he will drop at sixty-eight miles per hour through the flames and smoke into the tank.

Jamison has it carefully figured out. He works about seven minutes a night and gets to travel in every state in the union, and even in a number of foreign countries. He knows that he has only a matter of seconds to be concerned about from the time his feet leave the pedestal until his stomach hits the bottom of the pool.

This personable high-diving specialist has been in the field since he was twelve years old,



HIGH-DIVING AT SIXTY-THREE



FLAMING
TANK
OF WATER.
JIMMY
JAMISON
IS STILL--

when he was dared to leap from the top of a bridge into a river thirty feet below. He put in time in the United States Navy and even performed for fellow sailors by leaping into the sea from a high crane. He has performed in Cuba and in the famed Tivoli Gardens for several months. He lives in Oroville, California, with his three children, Michael, Janie, and James.

Despite his hazardous vocation, Jamison claims he has been hurt only once, and this occurred when he leaped from an airplane into a river and discovered too late that the channel contained only six feet of water. It was his first experience diving from the wing of an airplane and his dive gave him a lung hemorrhage.

Jamison likes to think of his feat as a bullet striking a target. He knows as soon as he leaps whether he will hit the tank or not. "I've learned to live with this moment," he claims.

■ HENRY F. UNGER ■